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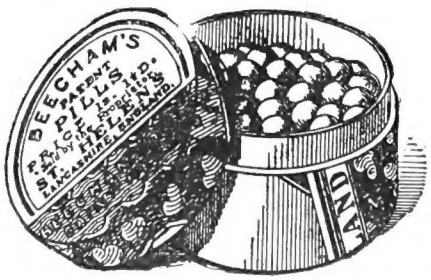

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MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."
"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

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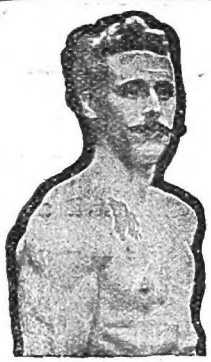

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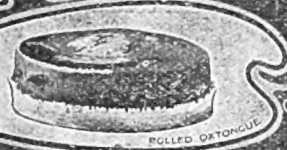

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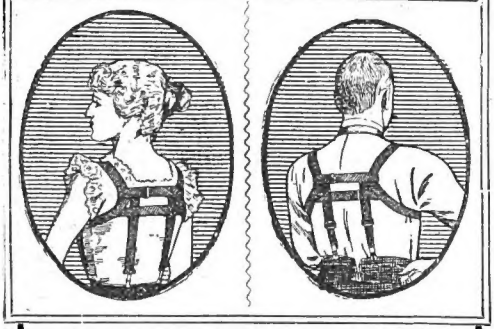

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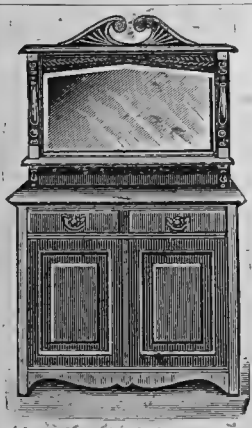

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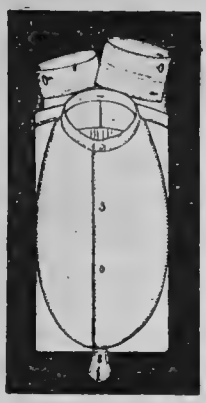

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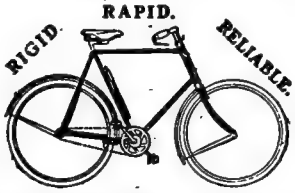

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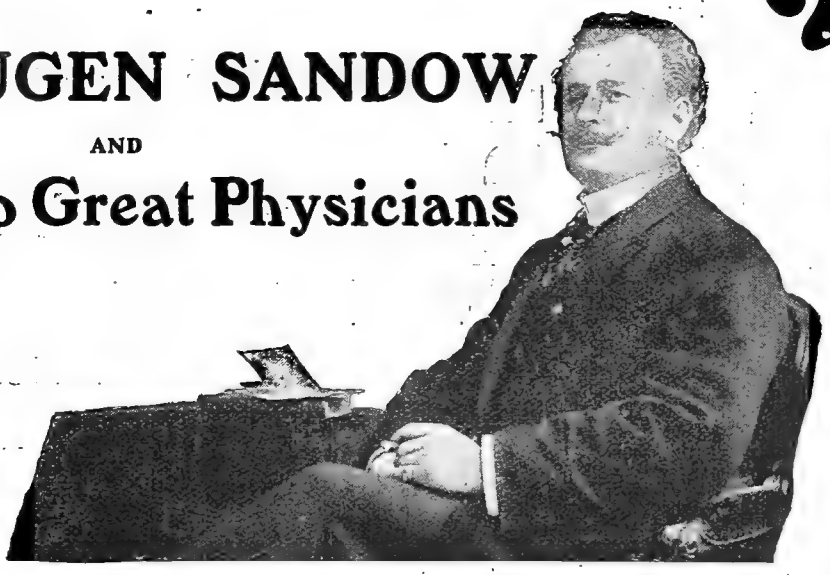

SYDENHAM, the Father of English Medicine, said:—"I die content, for I leave behind me two great physicians—Fresh Air and Exercise." The former Nature provides in abundance. But Exercise, as adapted to the relief of the weakly and the suffering, is a harder matter to come at. To meet this difficulty I have prepared a comprehensive and thoroughly practical treatise setting out how my system can be applied to the cure of a great number of disorders. It consists of a handsome volume of 50 pages, fully explaining the advantages of my system of **CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE**, as it may be practised in your own homes. This, I will send upon application, **WITHOUT CHARGE.** The system is equally beneficial to men, women, and children. I cannot cure all ailments; indeed, I will only undertake such cases where the patients' **OWN MEDICAL MEN WOULD RECOMMEND MY SYSTEM.**

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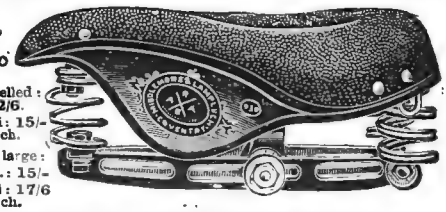

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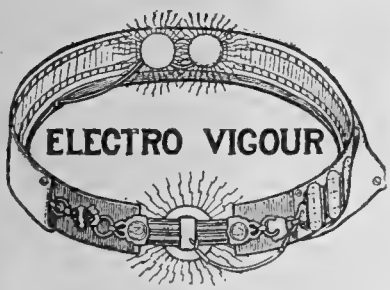

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HERE IS PROOF.—No other remedy can show as many cures.

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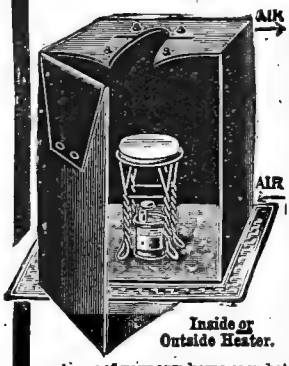
A Purified Body



WHEN no change of temperature or weather can influence our physical condition and our bodies are proof against contagion, then we are in health. A little consideration of the resources of the Turkish Bath will convince any reasonable mind of its wonderful power to secure that most desirable of all physical attainments, A Purified Body, which ensures freedom from all disease, a clear, buoyant brain, and perfect vitality.

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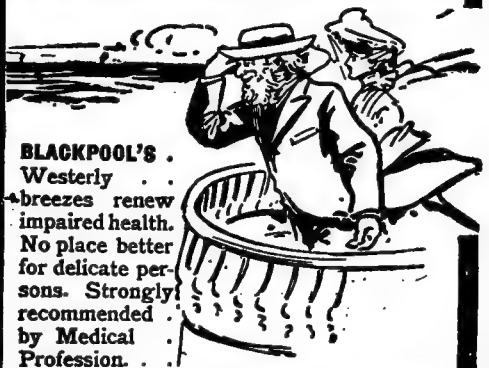

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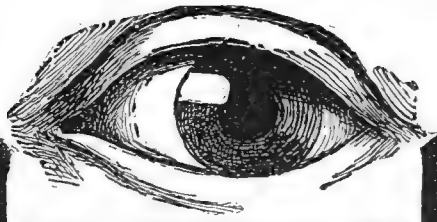

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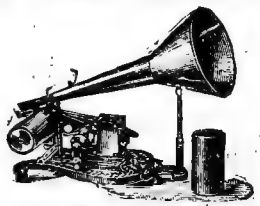

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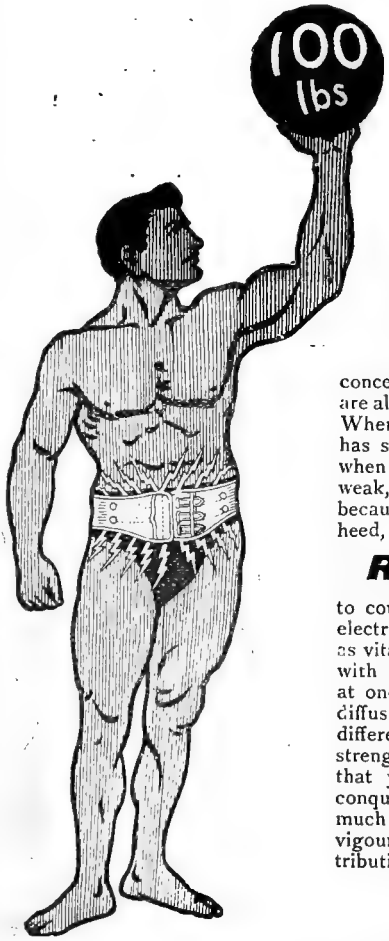
FIT OR UNFIT.

To which type do you belong?



Fitness is that delightful condition of Health and Vigour which makes ordinary tasks and duties mere child's play, and renders competition and difficulties more easily encountered and overcome.

Unfitness is a heavy drag upon a man's energies and powers. It renders him faint of heart, so that he can neither win nor hold a fair lady, nor succeed in business, nor satisfy his employers. And it destroys all his power of Enjoyment and Pleasure.

The man who succeeds is fit; the man who fails is unfit. Naturally you wish to be fit—you wish to succeed—we all do. Look then to your health, to your Physical Strength, and to your Nerve Vigour and Energy. Don't allow a weak physical condition to become your lot in life, don't allow your nervous system to become impaired and disorganised, so that your will power, your concentrativeness, your judgment, and your mental faculties are alike weakened and sure to fail you when the pinch arises. When you find a pessimistic, morbid depression of spirits has saturated your mind and jaundiced your outlook on life; when the day's duties appal you because you feel physically weak, ill, and nervous; when you avoid feminine society because you fear to fail in pleasing, then is the time to take heed, and by wearing a

Richardson Electric Belt

to counteract such lowering and weakening tendencies. The electrical energy generated by the Richardson Belt is absorbed as vital energy into your system, through the pores of the skin, with which, however, there is no metallic contact. Not all at once, not by shock or violence, but by a continuous gentle diffusion, hour by hour and minute by minute. And oh! the difference it makes to you; it cheers your spirits, increases your strength and powers, and re-vitalises your nervous energy, so that you gradually become fit to fight, to struggle, and to conquer the difficulties and ill-health that now beset you. How much better this than your present unfitness; in health and vigour, how much more enjoyable, and how much more contributive to your success in life and love!

Free Trial for One Month.

We ask the readers of this magazine to remember that this offer is made by a British Firm with twenty-one years' reputation in the City of London. We invite every sufferer to write at once in confidence; mention your most disagreeable symptoms, and then we can recommend the style of belt most suitable for your case. We will supply this belt on Thirty Days' Free Trial, as we are certain it will cure, and that the wearer, after a month's trial, will then prefer to keep rather than return the Belt. If you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it. The fact that medicines have not cured you proves that a remedy of a totally different character, like electricity, is required.

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REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

DRUNKENNESS CURED

It is now within the reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard—A Free Trial Package of a Marvellous Home Remedy Posted to all who write for it.

Can be given in Tea, Coffee, or Food, thus absolutely and secretly Curing the Patient in a Short Time without his knowledge.

There is a cure for drunkenness which has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate firesides. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The Company who have this grand remedy will send a sample free to all who will write for it. Enough of this remedy is posted free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently.

A lady residing in Manchester used the remedy as described above and her experience, told in her own words, will quite likely interest all women deeply. Mrs. —— says: "Yes, I used Antidipso without my husband's knowledge, and completely cured him. He was a hard drinker, a good man when sober, but for years I lived in fear and dread, shame and despair, poverty and disgrace. How shall I tell other women about it? Is it not a wonderful thing that a woman can take matters in her own hands and stamp out this dreadful curse to the home? I am glad you are going to publish my experience, for then I know it will reach hundreds of other poor souls, and they will cure their husbands just as I cured mine. I am so grateful for the marvellous changes that have come into my life that I just feel like I would do anything to let every wife and mother know what a blessing Antidipso is. I honestly believe it will cure any drunkard, no matter how far down he may have fallen. Faithfully yours, MRS. ——

(Full address sent to *bona-fide* applicants.)

Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases where the habit seems to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pleading, pledges, loss of social or business position are unavailing to stem the tide of absolute depravity.

This famous remedy has re-united thousands of scattered families; it has saved thousands of men to social and business prominence and public respect; has guided many a young man into the right road to fortune; has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases the wife and daughter too. Such a godsend to the home should be known to everyone. Upon application to the Ward Chemical Co., 39, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post a free package of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it, books, testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace. Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

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For preserving the delicacy, beauty, colour, and softness of the complexion Vinolia has no rival.

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A GRAND INVENTION

for taking **TURKISH-RUSSIAN BATHS** at home for 1½d. each. Opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy

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The "Century" is the original portable Hygienic Cabinet with the patented flour-flap top, and has no comparison with those built of wood. **It has the most perfect heater for use inside or outside.**

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of The Royal Magazine are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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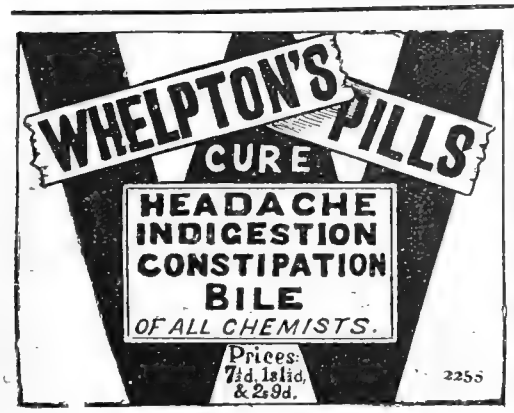

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VOL. X.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1903.

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Photo C. Collier.

A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

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THE DOLL'S TOILET.

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FROM THE STALLS

THE FOLLIES.

"What delightful people" is the general comment of the audience when the Follies are in full swing. There are six of them—three girls and three men—in the most charming of Pierrot costumes. They sing and they dance, they talk and they act. There is no stiffness about them, no stageyness, no formalities. They seem to be so happy together and so irresponsible in the true sense of the Pierrot word. You should hear them try to sing a glee, as their programme puts it. There is no end of trouble between the leader and one of the singers, the bass. He refuses to sing. The books get mixed so that he has a soprano part, and the soprano has the bass. Then they act all sorts of screamingly funny little plays, burlesqueing everything and anything that is produced at the theatres. The Follies are managed by Mr. Herbert Fordwych and Mr. H. G. Pelissier, the former of whom s responsible for the librettos and the latter for the music of the songs. Says Mr. Fordwych: "We never let any single thing, joke or play or song, go on if it does not go well. We have played the same programme on the same night before the Duchess of Sutherland at a bazaar and at the People's Palace in the Mile End Road with tremendous success."

Photos by Hana.

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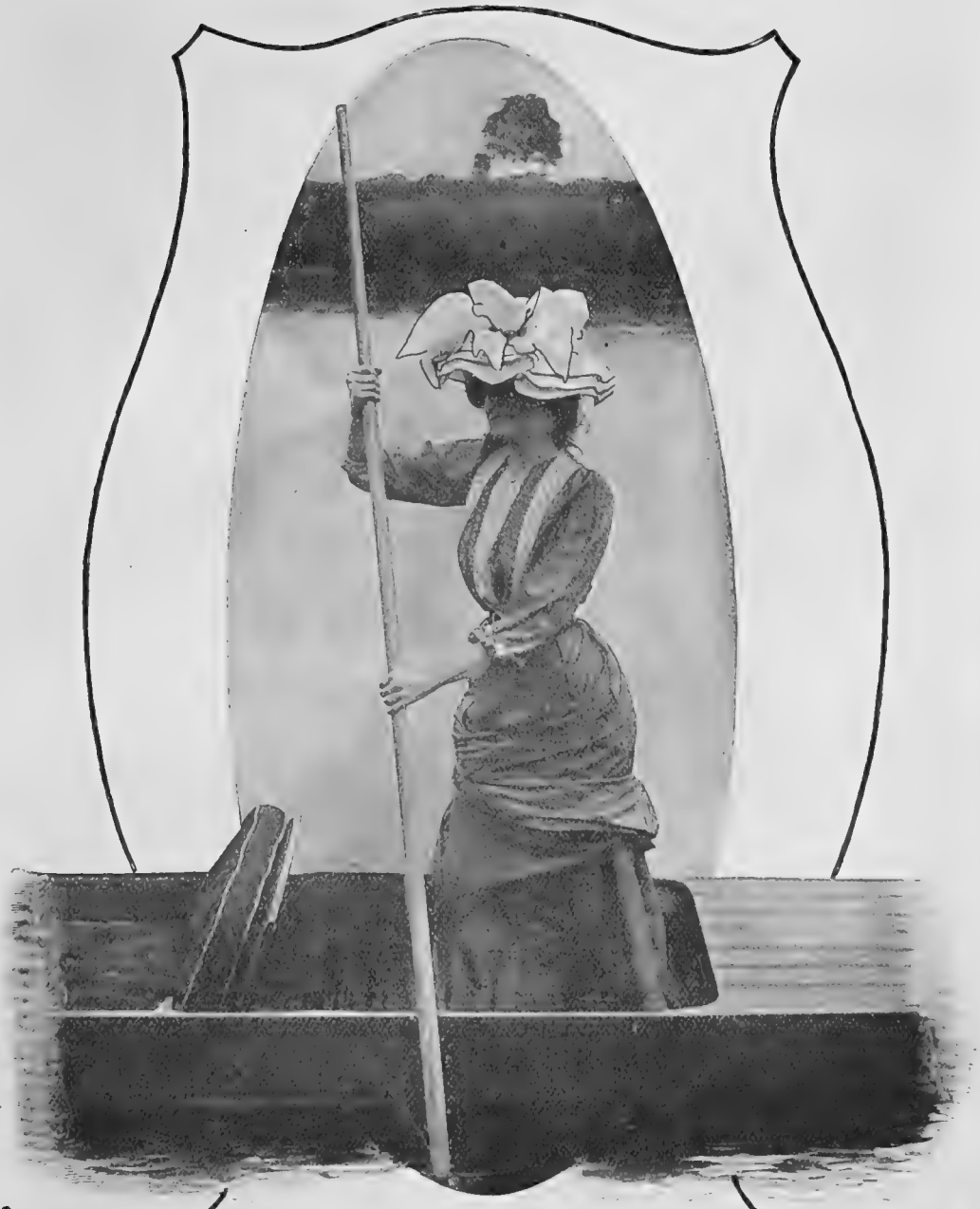

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Everything connected with her is beautiful. She lives in a beautiful house; she dresses beautifully; she acts beautifully; and she herself is beautiful—more beautiful than her house, her dresses, and her acting. Mrs. Brown-Potter lives near Maidenhead; the river flows at the bottom of her garden. In the above photograph you see her at her favourite pastime. No woman appreciates the country more than she, and the many simple pleasures that can be got out of it.

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Photo by Lafayette.

DAISY HOLLY.

A modest little lady is Daisy Holly, though certainly she has all the right in the world to be otherwise, for she is the most graceful of dancers and the prettiest of actresses. You will notice her remarkable likeness to Edna May. She has travelled more than most people, for she has been to India, and to Australia, and South Africa. She is quite an old hand on the stage; she began when quite a child, and never regrets the day she first trod the boards.

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HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

Before he became one of our leading comedians he was a heavy villain of melodrama. But, says he: "I should never have been an actor. I was cut out for a tramp. You see, I am a procrastinating, put-off-till-to-morrow-and-don't-do-it sort of humbug." There's nothing like having a good opinion of oneself. Off duty Mr. Wright is a keen shot, spending most of his spare time with a gun in his hand.

Photos by Ellis & Walery.

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Photo by Schloss.

LAURA BURT.

She is tall and dark and graceful, with large eyes and a brilliant, fascinating smile, which lights up her whole face—in short, she has been excellently equipped by Nature for the profession of which she is so conspicuous an ornament. She is not an American by birth, as some journals have lately accused her of being; she is a Manxwoman, who has been brought up in the States. When Sir Henry Irving secured her services as a member of his company he once more proved his unrivalled insight and ability as an actor-manager.

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Photo by Reutlinger.

ELISE DE VÈRE.

Paris is the gayest city in the world, and is full of beauties. It loves its beauties, and so Paris loves Elise de Vère, for she is a beauty. In fact she won a prize at a beauty competition in Paris, a couple of years ago. It is said that Elise de Vère has a little casket with all the hearts of the men she has conquered. I expect that that casket is pretty full. What do you think?

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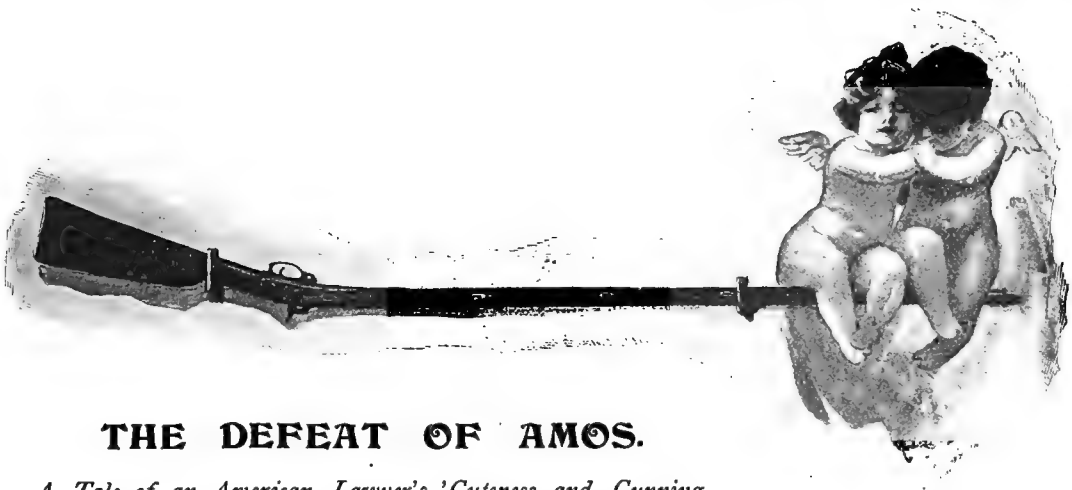

THE DEFEAT OF AMOS.

A Tale of an American Lawyer's 'Cuteness and Cunning.

By Elliott Flower.

Determination was written all over the face of Amos Curley, as he climbed the stairs to the little office of Robert Perriman. He told himself he had grown weary of temporising, and meant to have the matter settled for all time.

He opened the door of the office and stepped inside. Perriman looked up from his desk and saw the tall, angular figure of the farmer with an accusing finger pointing in his direction.

"See here, you!" exclaimed the farmer; "this here has got to stop!"

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Curley," returned the young man pleasantly. "Won't you have a chair?"

"No, I won't have no chair!" retorted the farmer sharply. "I'm broilin' hot, an' I'm here to settle things."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young man, "and you were about to remark?"

"About to remark!" exclaimed the farmer; "I did remark, didn't I? I'm sick of the whole thing, an' it's got to stop."

"Meaning my attention to your daughter?" suggested the young man.

"Certain sure," was the answer. "What d'ye s'pose I was meanin'?"

"Sit down and let's talk it over," urged the young man "What are your objections to me?"

The old man wavered. He had not intended to discuss the affair at all, for he knew he was no match for the young man in argument. Besides, his reasons ought to be apparent to any one. Still, that he should state them plainly was no more than fair, so he compromised by giving the specifications while resolutely refusing the chair.

"You're a good-for-nothin'," he asserted. "You'll never be worth your salt. You ain't makin' enough to feed a wife."

"Oh, is that all?" returned the young man. "Well, frankly, Mr. Curley, the law business is pretty slack in this sleepy town, but I'll be doing better soon, and, if I marry, I hope to go to the city, where I can get a real chance."

"Not on my money," announced the farmer decidedly. "You ain't got the head for it, an' I know it. Why, there wouldn't be no show at all for you with the smart city fellers, if you can't make a livin' here."

"I haven't any chance here," insisted the young man. "I have a good head for business, I assure you, Mr. Curley, and I know the law. I'd like to prove it to you."

"Go ahead."

"Well, let's see," said the young man reflectively, "you're in some trouble now. There's a young man paying attentions to your daughter, which she finds acceptable, and you'd like to get rid of him."

Amos Curley was staggered.

"There's no one but you," he protested.

"I'm the one I mean," asserted the young man calmly. "Now, you don't understand the law, Mr. Curley, and so you are likely to get yourself into trouble. It's a serious matter to threaten any one with physical violence. You ought to leave the matter to me."

The farmer gasped.

"Ought to leave it to you, had I?" he said at last. "By gum! but you are a good one! What might be your advice?"

"Get an injunction," answered the young man promptly. "Ten dollars, please."

"What!!"

"That's my regular charge for an office consultation and advice. If you care to leave the case in my hands, I'll make an application for an injunction."

Amos Curley reached out blindly. His

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hand encountered the back of a chair and he grasped it for support. Then he sank weakly into the chair.

"You—you'll get an injunction!" he said, bewildered.

"I'll apply for one on your behalf," replied the young lawyer, "and then, if I get it, I'll go into the court in my own behalf and see if I can have it set aside. I think I can do that too. I would make the point that to hamper lovers is against public policy as being in restraint of—of—posterity. By George!" with enthusiasm, "it would be a novel and interesting case, and I'd like to try it!"

The old man made no reply. He stared at the youth for a moment, then rose with an effort and went out, holding his hand to his head. He was a temperate man, but before starting for his home he took two large drinks. Something that would brace him up was absolutely necessary.

For the rest of that day he went about the farm like a man in a dream. His wife and his daughter noticed that he did a good deal of muttering to himself, and once his wife asked if he was "ailing," but he only shook his head. That evening, however, he unburdened his mind.

"The confounded feller," he said in conclusion, "was goin' to charge me ten dollars fer tellin' me to git an injunction."

"It seems to me," the girl remarked demurely, "that he's a pretty good business man in spite of what you've always said. You never heard of anything sharper than that, did you?"

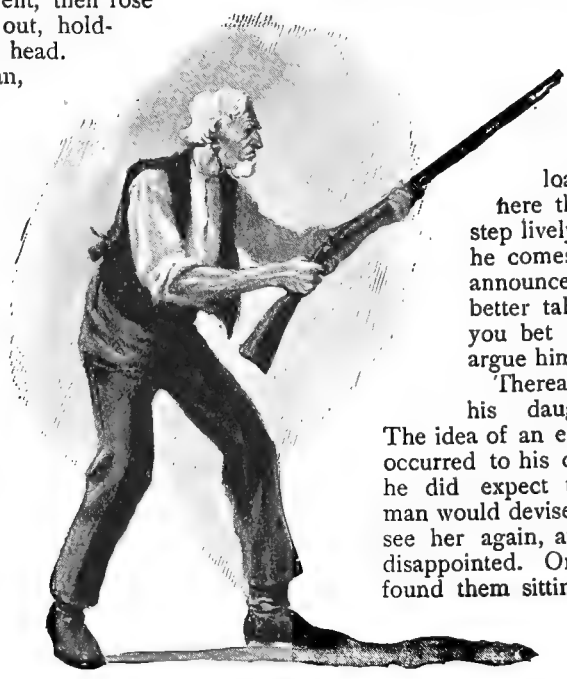
The girl was not particularly worried. She had always had her own way, and in the end she expected it this time.

"Nice kind of a thing," ejaculated Amos, "to be practisin' his sharp tricks on me. If he'd go to practisin' 'em on somebody else mebbe he could pay me the fifty dollars I let him have on account of his father's bein' a good friend of mine when he was livin'."

The fifty dollar debt, incurred when the young man fitted up his office, rankled. The farmer was in comfortable circumstances, being the owner of considerable property in addition to his farm, but the fact that the young man had been unable to repay this loan seemed to him excellent proof that the elements of success were lacking.

"If he paid that, would you feel differently towards him?" she asked.

"If he showed he was able to pay his debts," asserted the farmer, "I'd have some hopes fer him. I ain't got nothin' ag'in him, only that he's shiftless an' ain't never goin' to be anybody. But I got him settled now." He went to the woodshed, and presently returned with an old, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shot-gun. "I got a load of rock-salt here that'll make him step lively the next time he comes this way," he announced. "He's a better talker'n I am, but you bet I know how to argue him off the farm."



He presently returned with an old, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shot-gun.

Thereafter he watched his daughter closely. The idea of an elopement never occurred to his clumsy wit, but he did expect that the young man would devise some plan to see her again, and he was not disappointed. One afternoon he found them sitting on a fallen tree just out of sight of the house. "Girl," he said, pointing in the direction of the house, "go!" She went, with lagging steps.

"Now, young man," he went on, turning to Perriman, "I'm servin' notice right here an' now that I'm goin' to fill your skin with rock-salt the next time I find you hanging round here."

The young man looked perplexed, but not frightened.

"This is a very hard position for me to be placed in," he said. "As your attorney——"

"You ain't my attorney," expostulated the farmer; whereupon the young man's eyes brightened.

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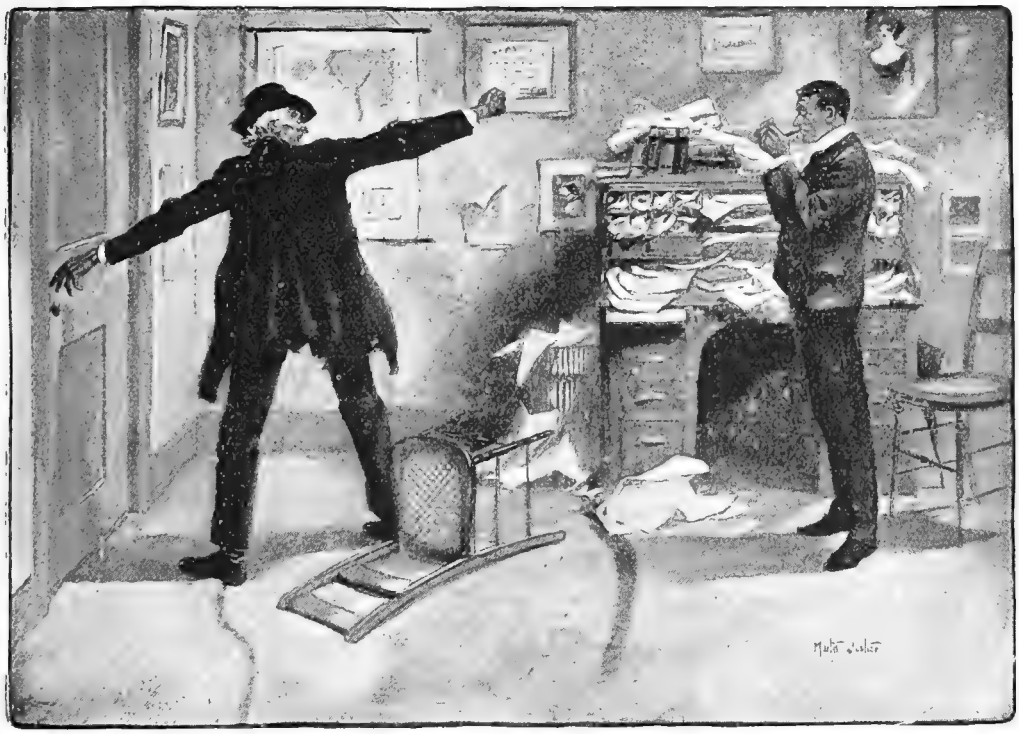

"You go to thunder!" roared the old man, as he stamped out of the office.

"In that case," he said, "acting solely in my own interests, I must urge you to go ahead and do it."

Amos let his outstretched arm drop weakly to his side.

"You are the consarnedest critter that ever was," he commented. "What good's it goin' to do you?"

"Why, that's very simple, Mr. Curley," answered the young man. "Of course, you understand that I am speaking solely in my own interest and not in yours, and if you fill me up with rock salt it will do me a lot of good. Rock salt applied in this way is painful, but it does no lasting harm, and it would give me a fine case for damages against you. I could get, I think, at least 5000 dollars, which would enable me to marry your daughter and move to the city."

"You ain't advisin' me to do it," prompted Amos.

"Assuredly not."

"What kin I do?" demanded the farmer.

"Get an injunction," said the lawyer. "As I told you before, that would be a beautiful case and I'd like ——"

The farmer interrupted. He was saying things that were not polite, and incidentally he was retreating towards the house. The last thing he heard was a gentle: "Ten dollars, please; or shall I charge it?"

Amos had a warm interview with his daughter that evening, but the result was not satisfactory.

The next morning he saddled the old grey mare to the gig and announced that he was going to drive in to see Perriman.

The young lawyer was trying to be busy at his desk when the old farmer entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Curley," he said pleasantly.

"I've come for that fifty dollars," announced the old man in a business-like way.

"Thirty," corrected the lawyer.

"Fifty," insisted the farmer. "You ain't goin' to deny your own note, I reckon."

"Oh, no," answered the lawyer. "But you forget I have a counter-claim of twenty dollars for professional services—two items of ten dollars each."

"I ain't ever hired you," Amos protested.

"But you asked my advice, and legal advice always costs money," said the young man.

The farmer collapsed. He began to

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wonder whether he should be able to get through without losing the rest of the fifty.

"What about the thirty that is still due?" asked the lawyer. "You were about to say something I believe?"

"I want it," said the farmer doggedly. He wished to hold out for the entire fifty dollars, but he feared the rest of it would slip away from him if he got into an argument.

"Sorry," returned the lawyer, "but I haven't it."

"Then, I'm going to sue," announced the farmer.

The young man lit a cigar and puffed it meditatively.

"I want to do what I can for you, Mr. Curley," he commenced at last, "and I would advise you not to waste any money on a bad claim."

"I don't want no advice," exclaimed the farmer, with a haste that showed he was fearful of another ten-dollar charge.

"As you please, as you please," returned the lawyer pleasantly. "Have you thought what it will cost, Mr. Curley? You'll have to put it in the hands of a lawyer, and he'll charge you five dollars at the least. Then there will be innumerable other costs, you know, so that the total expense of getting judgment will come to nine or ten dollars which you will have to advance. Now, if you could save part of that, it would be worth while, wouldn't it?"

He actually took a pot-shot at the lawyer.

The farmer began to look anxious. He was getting beyond his depth, and he knew it. He could only grope blindly.

"How kin I do it?" he asked.

"Well," said the young man. "credit me with the fee that you would have to pay another lawyer, and I'll confess judgment and save the costs. Is it agreed? Then I only owe you twenty-five dollars now."

"No, it ain't agreed, not by a jugfull!" cried the farmer wrathfully. "No more of them sharp tricks fer me!"

"All right, all right," acquiesced the young man. "Get your own lawyer, and do it your own way, but I'll have to charge you ten dollars for the valuable advice I've given you. That leaves twenty I owe."

"I didn't ask fer no advice," argued the farmer hotly.

"You certainly did. You wanted to know how you could save the costs, and I told you."

"You go to thunder!" roared the old man, as he stamped out of the office, and banged the door behind him.

He had an interesting but unsatisfactory interview with his daughter that evening. He told her plainly that she would have to give up "that blamed lawyer," or he would send her for a protracted visit to an aunt who lived in Chicago.

"Now, be reasonable, father," urged the girl. "Everybody will tell you that Mr. Perriman is a smart young man, and if he gets the chance—"

"If!" interjected the old man scornfully.

"He's almost certain of it now," insisted the girl.

"Like I'm almost certain of my fifty," put in her father.

"Thirty," said the girl. She didn't know about the last ten-dollar charge.

"Been teachin' *you* his law tricks, has he?" he cried. "Well, that settles him!"

Poor Amos became more deeply incensed the more he thought of all that had happened. With everything in his favour at the start, it seemed as if he were being circumvented at every turn by a man who hadn't the ability to achieve financial success. This so hurt his pride that, in a moment of passion, he actually took a pot-shot at the lawyer the next time he saw him coming up the road.

The girl screamed and rushed out to the young man. With her help he limped to the house, and she and her mother did what they could to relieve the smarting pain, for one leg had been peppered with salt.

Amos retired to the barn to think the matter over, and his thoughts were not

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pleasant. He felt that his momentary passion had got him into serious trouble—how serious he did not know. When he returned to the house the young man had gone and his wife and daughter utterly ignored him, except for occasional scornful glances. Later he learned that a passing neighbour had driven the lawyer back.

The next day he was gloomy and distraught. Could the young man, he wondered, really get damages? And, if so, how much?

He had about made up his mind to relieve his anxiety by consulting his friend, Judge Basswood, when a stranger called and asked for him.

"Your lawyer wants to see you," said the stranger. "He says it's important."

"I ain't got a lawyer," asserted Amos.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why young Perriman said you were to come in and see him on important business."

"There goes the other twenty," growled the farmer. "Drat him! I knew he'd get it!"

He feared some legal trick, but he drove in to see the young lawyer, nevertheless. It was better to know the worst than to live in uncertainty.

Perriman had his leg heavily bandaged, and walked with a serious limp, but, if the truth were known this was principally for effect.

"Mr. Curley," he said, in a business-like way, "you are in a very serious predicament. You have salted, assaulted, and injured a man, without cause, on the public highway. You will recall, I think, that he was not even upon your land when you unnecessarily salted him.

"Now, as the attorney for this man, I have advised him to begin suit for damages, and I think he has a good cause. He could barely earn a livelihood when he was good and fresh, so you will readily appreciate that in his salted state he has suffered greater damage than would ordinarily be the case. He ought to get no less than 5000 dollars or 10,000 dollars damages, and, as his lawyer, it was my duty to advise him to sue.

"But, at the same time, I cannot forget that I have acted for you in two or three little matters, and, before taking his case, I feel that I ought to give you my best advice. Do you want it?"

"Yes," said the farmer weakly.

"Clear out," said the lawyer.

"What!" cried the farmer.

"Clear out! Vamoose! Clear out of the country!" said the lawyer, "This man may try to prosecute you criminally. Who can tell? Anyway, it's worth a short trip to save 5000 dollars, isn't it. He's very angry, but I am satisfied he won't follow you, and after a bit he'll cool off. If you can just happen to be missing for a few weeks there will be no trouble."

"But my wife and daughter," urged the farmer.

"My dear Mr. Curley," said the young man generously, "leave them in my charge. I shall esteem it a pleasure to look after them."

To the old farmer this was in the nature of a revivifying shock. He jumped to his feet and bolted for the door.

"You're the 'consarnedest critter on two legs!" he said, as he disappeared.

In desperation he went to see Mr. Basswood, the big lawyer of the town.

"You've got yourself in a pretty bad fix," said the great lawyer, "but I make it a point never to interfere with another lawyer's client. I'll tell you one thing, though."

"What?"

"You'd better follow his advice, whatever it is. Of course, he's false to his other client in advising you, but, as he's his own other client, I guess we can't disbar him for that."

The farmer went slowly back to Perriman's office, completely humbled.

"I'm going to put my case in your hands," he announced. "You're my lawyer."

"I always was, wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"I reckon so," answered the farmer, "but I didn't seem to know it till now."

"I'll give up my other client, and do my very best for you," said the young man, "but there must be no question as to my fee."

"What's the advice?" asked the old man resignedly. "Must I clear out?"

"No. Go back to the farm, and don't worry."

"An' the fee?"

"A bride," said the lawyer.

"She's yourn," said the farmer. "If I'm goin' to have any dealin's with you, I'd a darn sight rather have you in the family than out of it."

"But you know you insisted upon having a smart business man for a son-in-law," suggested the young man apologetically.

"I've got him," returned Amos Curley, with emphasis.

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Clever Tricks and Devices by which Burglars have Escaped the Law.

To the ordinary mind it does not seem as though the gentle art of housebreaking could contain any element save the obvious and reprehensible one; but, nevertheless, your burglar is not infrequently a merry rascal with a keen sense of humour which in conjunction with an active mind and ready wit too often makes him more than a match for the more stolid and less imaginative intellect of his arch-enemy, the constable on the beat.

To wit. An enterprising burglar only a few months ago was about to begin operations on the front door of a house in the Northern suburbs of London, when the gate behind him suddenly opened, and in walked the owner, back late from some revel.

It was an awkward position, very awkward, but the knight of the jemmy was equal to it. Without even turning round he grabbed for the knocker. This, I was once confidently informed by a member of the fraternity, is always a safe game to play. It disarms suspicion at once, because burglars are not under any circumstances supposed to herald their presence in that way.

He knocked, not too vigorously, and the man on the path answered him.

"Hallo," said he, "what's up?"

"Nothing breathing in this confounded place," growled the other. "I have been banging away for the last ten minutes."

"You might have done it for ten hours with the same result," was the cold retort. "There's nobody at home until I get in. What do you want?"

"Mr. Smith," said the burglar.

"Smith? There's no Smith here," said the other. "You must have made a mistake. There's a Smith across the road six doors down on the left."

To thank him and retire, and come back two hours later and make fifty pounds by his enterprise, was the burglar's natural method of procedure.

Another nefarious operator was caught below a back window of a big place at Marlow at one in the morning by a policeman. He heard authority, who was somewhat short and wheezy, breathing behind the bushes where he was watching, and commenced cursing the servants right and left. That fixed the policeman, and out he came—civil, but still a bit suspicious—to inquire what the trouble was.

"Lost my latchkey," exclaimed the burglar, "and those confounded girls have gone off to bed. Give me a lift up; there's a good fellow. I didn't want to stand shivering here all night."

The policeman did it with sweet docility, and showed the man a light from the official lantern while he unlatched the window and crawled through. The policeman netted half-a-crown for his trouble, and doubtless it was well worth that, besides giving a realistic touch to the proceedings, which must have completely disarmed suspicion. The quick-witted scamp made close on two hundred pounds on the deal, and got off scot free.

About a couple of years ago a series of burglaries in South Croydon was agitating the minds of the police and populace; but for long no trace of the clever miscreant who perpetrated them could be discovered, until it fell to the lot of a constable we will call Jobbins to encounter, though not capture him.

He had gone on duty at ten one night, and an hour later, coming back along the side of a terrace of houses with areas in front of them, he noticed projecting between the railings a

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couple of blocks of wood that looked suspiciously like the head of a ladder. It *was* a ladder—crude, home-made, and obviously nefarious, since it had not been there the last time he had passed, and no householder in that sedate locality would have ventured out in the middle of the night to climb out of his area surreptitiously by means of a ladder.

The policeman threw a cautious glance down into the area. All was dark and silent, and no sign was there of the place having been tampered with; but there was a projecting wall below, behind which was the entrance to the coal-cellar, and it was possible, even if the miscreant had not already gained entrance to the house, that he had flown for refuge there, being disturbed by the constable before he had had time to remove the means he had adopted of obtaining entrance.

Just then area gates were very assiduously locked, and it had been part of the mystery, with the close watch being kept on doors and windows, just how entrance had been effected so easily and unfailingly.

This area gate was locked too; Jobbins made sure of that; then he pondered awhile on the best course of action. His chief purpose was to catch the man himself, so that all the credit and glory of the exploit might be his. Otherwise he might have fetched a colleague to his assistance, or have brought the inmates of the house out of their bed to aid his purpose.

"Now, my beauty, you'd best come up out of it," said he in a hoarse whisper, throwing the words and a gleam of light into the area on spec. "The game's up and you will only make it worse for yourself."

There was no response to this kindly invitation, and Constable Jobbins realised that "dilly dilly come and be killed" was not going to answer. If he wanted the man he would have to go and get him.

"All right," said he severely. "If you won't come to me, I will come to you."

Slowly and with grave precision he removed his coat and helmet and lantern, and laid them down by the area railings; and then, with even greater precision he scaled the rails with the force and agility of a tame elephant, and descended the ladder.

At the foot he paused for a moment to release his truncheon, and then marched boldly into the shadow of the protecting brickwork. Even as he did so, another shadow emerged from the neighbouring doorway, and Constable

A burglar was once making an attempt on a back window when a policeman suddenly arrived. The cracksman cleverly succeeded in convincing him that he was the owner of the house and had lost his latch-key, eventually being assisted by the arm of the law through the window.

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Jobbins, hearing a slight noise behind him, turned in time to see the ladder being drawn up, and the face of a smug, red-haired individual grinning at him over the railings.

There were no steps, the area gates being merely a convenient means through which the household refuse was drawn up and removed, and the luckless constable did not take long to realise that he was trapped, very much like a bear in a pit, and absolutely helpless. He was more helpless even than he realised, because the house was tenantless, and the time spent in banging away on the unresponsive door that gave admittance to it was simply wasted—from Jobbins's point of view. It was hard on Jobbins—very hard; but the trap was so deft and neat that any policeman in London would have tumbled into it.

A bogus policeman who called up a nervous householder went all over his house with him to see if burglars were about, and then locked his unfortunate victim into the coal-cellar and cleared off with all he could lay hands on.

The sergeant discovered Jobbins about three in the morning, after coming upon that worthy's coat and helmet—which the humorous rascal who had tricked him had draped artistically over the railings—and they had to get a ladder from the fire-station before he could be released. And in the meantime the adroit burglar had made an easy haul two doors down and gone scot free again.

A more daring and even more amusing exploit than this occurred at a small provincial town on the South Coast. A little after midnight the owner of a comfortably-fitted, retired old place on the outskirts was disturbed by a succession of small pebbles cast at his bedroom window, and on going to investigate he made out the form of a man in the regulation helmet standing on the path below.

"Hist!" said the figure in a stage whisper, "don't make a noise, but come down and let me in. Your place is going to be raided."

Full of alarm, the householder hastily donned a few necessary garments and crept cautiously downstairs, shivering with the inclemency of the weather and the uncompromising, dangerous nature of the situation combined. He was not a brave man!

Nothing could he hear or observe that suggested the presence of unwelcome visitors on his premises; but he didn't stay to make anything like a searching exploration, preferring to allow the full honour and glory of that to those to whom it more justly belonged. Cautiously he opened the door, and as cautiously did the figure which had been waiting so patiently outside slip in and close it carefully after him.

"There's only one on the job," it whispered, "and we'll catch him red-handed. Come on, let's try the lower rooms first since we are here. Don't make any noise."

The chattering teeth of the luckless householder made the caution necessary but rather superfluous, since it was obvious that *they* could not be silent. Along the hall they

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crept together, not hand in hand, but very close and chummy-like, and after a brief, almost superficial, scrutiny of one or two rooms, they came to a stone cellar affair which served the house as a coal cellar, wine bin, and lumber room combined.

"What's this?" whispered the stern protector of the public peace and property.

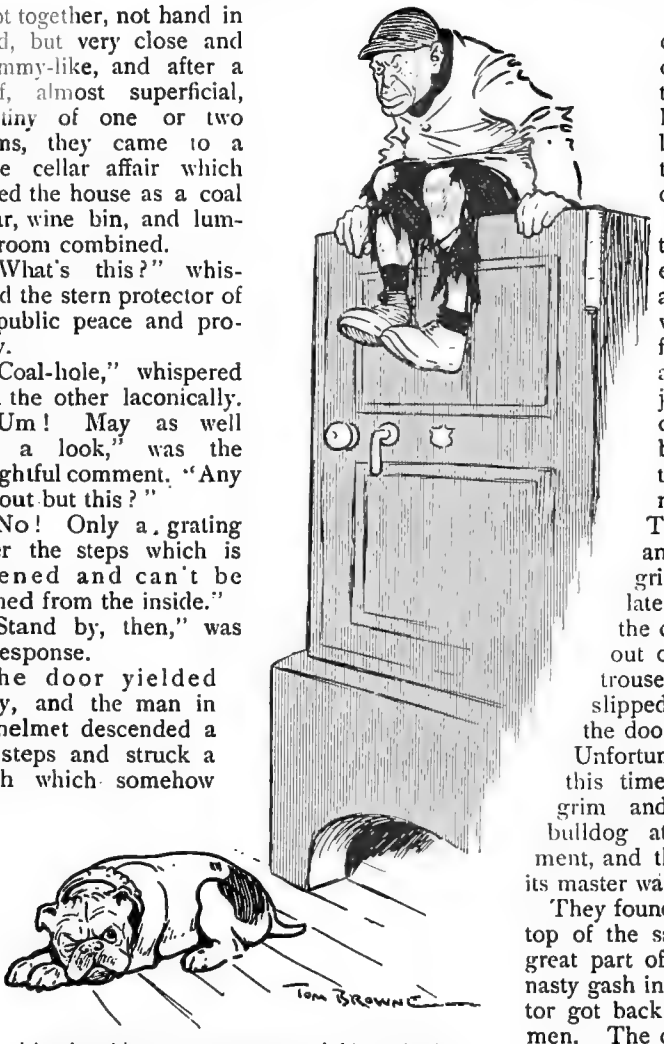
"Coal-hole," whispered back the other laconically.

"Um! May as well have a look," was the thoughtful comment. "Any way out but this?"

"No! Only a grating under the steps which is fastened and can't be reached from the inside."

"Stand by, then," was the response.

The door yielded easily, and the man in the helmet descended a few steps and struck a match which somehow



A burglar with great smartness succeeded in getting into a jeweller's shop, having previously got rid of the watchman. He had, however, reckoned without the bulldog kept on the premises, and was discovered in a sore and unhappy condition on the top of the safe.

glowed and went out immediately. Had he been less shaken the householder might have considered it rather an impossibility to have detected anything in the time that brief gleam lasted. It wasn't even long enough to show that the official helmet was more suggestive of a battered old khaki one, rescued from a rag pile, than the taut and trim official blue head-dress. But he was not suspicious, and he was hardly in a fit frame of mind for reflection or logical deduction.

"Stand at the bottom and wait until I call," commanded the other. "We are bound to catch him."

As the householder descended to comply the other brushed past him on the stairs, and two seconds later the unsuspecting citizen became dimly aware that the door above had been drawn to and bolted.

It was the work of one of the 'cutest hands who had ever graced the profession, and needless to say the victim of the impudent trick found that he had suffered a considerable loss in jewellery and cash, besides contracting a severe cold before he was released by the servant at six the next morning.

This was a favourite dodge of another burglar, who came to grief over it a month or two later. He had actually brought the caretaker of a big jeweller's out on to the pavement in his trousers and shirt, and then slipped in past him and slammed the door in his face.

Unfortunately for his calculations, this time there happened to be a grim and most uncompromising bulldog attached to the establishment, and the dog was inside though its master was out.

They found the burglar squatting on top of the safe in the shop minus a great part of his wardrobe and with a nasty gash in his leg when the proprietor got back with a couple of policemen. The dog was taking a nap with one eye open on the floor below.

Of course these operations were more or less planned out and elaborately schemed, but not so was the affair of the midnight marauder who looked up from a sideboard at which he was working at a sound behind him and found a policeman gazing on his operations through the window.

To hesitate would be fatal; to bolt, folly. In the most casual, unconcerned way he walked over to the window, threw it up, and motioned the constable to enter.

"It seems all right," he whispered. "Have you noticed anything? That plate haunts me. I'll have to send it away to be taken care of—it is too much of a responsibility."

The policeman was staggered and showed it.

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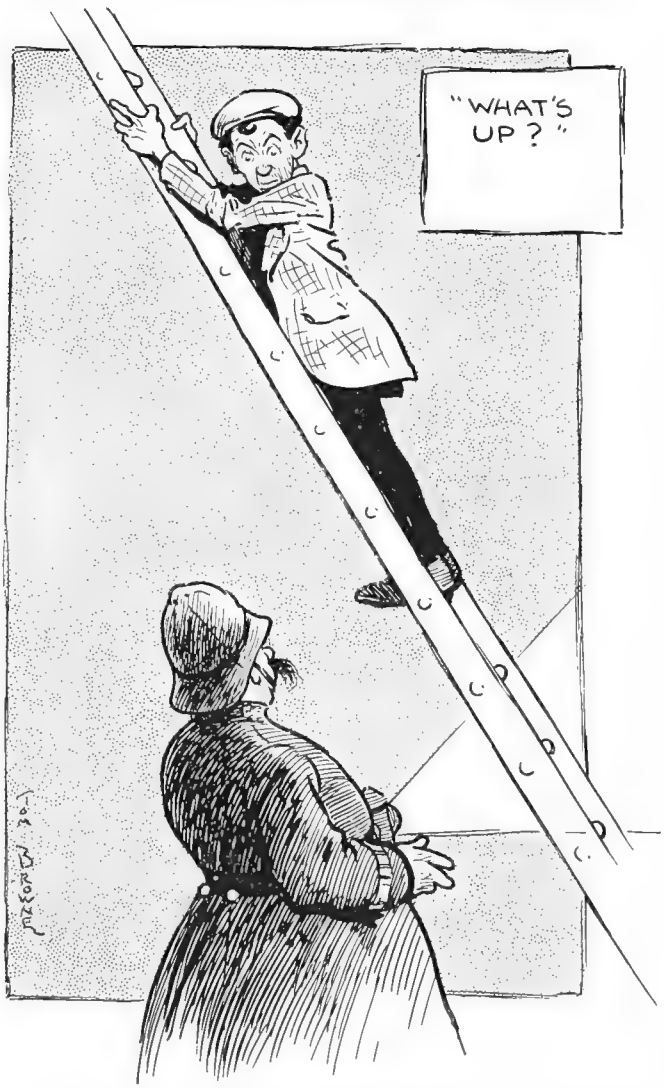

A burglar, discovered in the act of entering a large house by means of a ladder, was smart enough to convince the policeman who found him out that he was a servant "out after hours," and was allowed to enter the house in peace—and to get off with a good haul.

"But," said he. "You are not Mr. N——"

"No such luck," retorted the other curtly. "Brother-in-law. He's going away to-morrow, and I'm to look after the place. Not his plate though, if I know it. I don't mind guarding a man's piano and easy chairs, but when it comes to silverware and fancy goods I'm off. He's upstairs, though, and asleep, I have no doubt; but we can wake him if you have any lingering fears."

The careless laugh and the bearing of the man settled the matter. The policeman took a glass of ale and a shilling instead, and went back to his beat.

The rightful owner of that silver had no further need for anxiety on its account. Neither for that matter, had he a brother-in-law or any intention of taking a journey on the morrow—though he took one, and the simple guileless policeman who had visited his drawing-room the night before was none the happier for it.

Another affair which occurred in suburban Essex a year or two back is amusing enough to be worth recording, though it is safe to say that the humour of it was not of a kind to appeal to one or two of the victims immediately concerned.

There used to be a policeman stationed on the Woodford Road who had great toleration for cyclists, or perhaps it was a tender regard for his pocket that actuated him. Anyway, the story belongs to the wheelmen, and you may be sure that it loses nothing in the telling.

Shortly before midnight on a fine June night Constable Q., we will call him, came on duty, and before he had reached the end of his beat he had the luck to spot a cycle light whirling down on him at a rate which unquestionably far exceeded the legal limit. It was not often that so flagrant a case was granted him, and a minute later the reckless rider was standing on the road looking very sick and sorry for himself.

He was a weak, mild-looking little chap, who protested his innocence in a voice that was choked with tears, or some other sort of emotion.

Perhaps it was his obvious distress; possibly it was a matter of half a sovereign which passed between them. Any way, Constable Q. relented him of his stern purpose, and, pocketing the coin, he gave the law-breaker a few well-chosen words of advice and warning and let him go.

Half-an-hour later he came upon the fellow again. The bicycle was not in sight, but the man was half way up a ladder which

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was reared against the side of a biggish house standing back in its own grounds and bordering on Epping Forest.

"What's up?" demanded Q., flashing his lantern on the man and recognising him at the first scouting.

"Sh! not so loud," the other whispered back. "This is your fault. If you hadn't stopped me I should have been in in time. I'm a servant here, and if the governor catches me I'll want another situation. It's against orders to be out after ten, and to be out riding a bike is chuck without notice. The old boy hates 'em like poison, and we all have to sign an agreement that we don't ride and won't ever try to, just to get taken on. Douse that glim and shift this ladder for us when I get up, there's a good chap, and if you are round in the morning I'll spring you another bob and a wet. You do pretty well if I'm a sample. I almost think I'll chuck my job and join the force."

"I wouldn't," said Q. dryly. "There's other things besides fools who rides bikes in the business. Hurry up now—I've got to get back to my beat."

"All right—steady it a bit for us—that's so. See you in the morning—ta-ta," and the flighty cyclist slipped up the window and disappeared over the sill.

"Good-night," quoth Q. gruffly, as he lifted the ladder down and wandered off to see what more the night would bring him.

It brought him nothing; but the morning did. Released from duty, and thinking of the promised shilling, to say nothing of the drink, Constable Q. turned his steps towards the scene of last night's exploit, and got there in time to find the place in an uproar. The house had been ransacked during the night, and upwards of seven hundred pounds' worth of jewellery stolen.

It was an awkward situation, very awkward; but Q. was a man of tact and discretion, and he held his peace. Even then he didn't quite grasp the full nature of it, and his misgivings chiefly lay in the direction of connecting that servant with the crime without revealing the fact that he had himself been an unconscious accessory to it. Besides, there was the matter of that half-sovereign, and compounding even slight felonies like that is not a good recommendation to policemen who are anxious to get on.

But more was to come. The owner of the house wasn't a rabid anti-cyclist; he had never made any stipulation against his servants riding; he hadn't any man-servants, as a matter of fact, except a doddering old gardener, who, in the matter of cycles, was, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

More than ever did Q. resolve to hold his tongue. He counted the shilling as a bad debt; but there still remained the half sovereign. Thoughtfully he took it out and examined it. It was a common little tin card counter, bright and deceptive enough in the gleam of a bull's-eye under a casual inspection, but not capable of sustaining a close examination in the full light of day.

Constable Q. flung it into an adjacent horse-pond, with an imprecation on the unprincipled cyclist who had so neatly sold him all the way round; and in a moment he became a sour, hardened man.

In truth, he had been shabbily served; but his case was no worse than that of a City policeman who, strolling peacefully along his beat in North London in the small hours of the morning, was hailed from a wholesale merchant's place of business by a sturdy shop assistant. At least, he seemed to be that, and his apron and hatless state gave colour to the impression. He was struggling with a huge case, which he wanted to put on the shop trolley, and run round to the railway station. Would the policeman be so kind? Of course the policeman would—and was.

"But what about the shop?" said the thoughtful man, in dubious tones.

Perhaps the policeman wouldn't mind keeping an eye on it. He wouldn't be gone a jiffy.

No; the policeman didn't mind that either. (Policemen are really the most obliging fellows on the face of the earth. They will do anything for anybody, always, of course, provided their suspicions are not aroused, or their feelings injured by a suggested ignorance of their real dignity and importance. He won't carry the baby over the crossing, for instance; but he'll stop the traffic of the mightiest city in the world for its safe transport, and he'll smile at the nursemaid, particularly if she happens to be young and pretty.)

Well, our policeman did keep an eye on it—in fact, he kept two; and his eyes and the rest of him were still there, when the genuine, *bonâ fide* shop assistant turned up, and expressed considerable surprise at finding his work started for him. The case that the policeman had so obligingly helped to get safely off the premises contained merchandise of a rich and negotiable nature, including the contents of the safe, and neither it nor the clever rascal who had spoofed the luckless constable so neatly was ever seen again.

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Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF . . SMUGGLERS. .

No. II.—A GIRL COMMANDS THE SHIP.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

The Second of an Intensely Interesting and Dramatic Series of Stories Written Especially for the "Royal." The Author Describes the Extraordinary Smuggling Adventures of Sir Nicholas Vyse and Mistress Josephine Willoughby. The Story next month is entitled "The Man Who Chased Himself," another Marvellous Adventure of the King and Queen of Smugglers.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Josephine Willoughby, daughter of a pious merchant-prince of Bloomsbury, did not relish her exile to this house among the marshes. True, her father—too deep in ledgers and the rest to live away from London—had meant it for the best when he sent her, under care of a prim, sleepy dowager, into these wilds that lay so near the marshes and the eastern sea; for London, to the father's mind, was a place of guile and wickedness, where profligacy sought for beauty and would not be content without it.

Mistress Willoughby, however, held another view of the matter, and to-night, as she watched the full moon shining through the windows of Vyse House, she was more than ordinarily restless and dissatisfied. She had, moreover, the memory of a certain Sir Nicholas Vyse with her—Nick Vyse, known to the Preventive as Captain Contraband, who a week ago had come by a secret passage, and had surprised her as she sat at meat, and afterwards had taken her to view the smuggled booty lying in the cellars underneath.

Now, Sir Nicholas, what with his big presence, his big courage, and his big fondness for a frolic, was one to unsettle the fancy of any spirited maid; and he had seen the girl once at least since the first mad escapade; and she knew that to-morrow night, given a fair breeze and a dark sky, he meant to run a second cargo ashore in the little cove, a mile north, called Thyra's Bay.

"Ponto, boy," she said, stooping to the dog that sat attentive by her chair; "Ponto, Captain Contraband is going to run another cargo."

At the word "contraband" Ponto thumped his tail upon the floor, and barked aloud; for, gentle as his way of life was now, he had been smuggler-bred, and never yet had he heard that oft-repeated word "contraband," but some wild escapade had just preceded it, or was about to follow.

Ponto.

Something in the dog's wistful look, something in the way he cocked his head when the wind rattled at the windows, suggested to the girl that, late as it was—eight by the solemn clock in the corner—she must run down to the shore and give Ponto a breath of the salt air on which he thrived. She was sick of inaction, moreover, and the trip savoured of mild lawlessness.

So, catching up a cloak and hood, and fastening them as she went, she opened the great door, and Ponto ran before her into the white, wind-driven moonlight. Not a light showed anywhere, save from the white house up above, where Gauger Ralph, the chief of

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the Preventive, kept ineffectual guard against Captain Contraband and his like.

The girl, wearying of the empty moonlight and the empty sea, glanced up and saw the light; and she laughed carelessly, as one of her devil-may-care, haphazard thoughts came to her.

"Ponto, we'll go visit Gauger Ralph. He is always ready for a gossip," she said.

They climbed up the cliff face again, and battled with the wind as they kept the narrow path above; and Mistress Willoughby, demure as a schoolboy out on holiday, knocked at the door of the Preventive officer. He answered the knock in person—big, and plump, and jolly he looked, and he filled all the doorway.

"Welcome, mistress," he cried, in a tone that showed how well accustomed he was to these freaks of the girl.

"Good evening, Ralph. We've come, Ponto and I, because we are dull, and because we want a gossip."

"Then step in, and welcome. You'll not be minding if I finish my good glass of schnapps?" he added, turning to the tumbler that stood on the right hand of the fireplace.

"Has it paid duty, Ralph?" asked the girl.

"Well, now—well, well—duty! There's a word for you!" roared the Gauger, who recognised an old jest of Josephine's. "Do we spend so little time in collecting king's dues that he looks to us to pay them, too? Oh, it's live and let live, mistress—except, you see, when Captain Contraband keeps flouting us."

"What is amiss with him, Ralph?"

Now, Gauger Ralph, like most plump, easy-going men, was a fool whenever a bonnie woman came between him and the light; and no one in St. Thanes—nor in all England—could have denied that Josephine Willoughby, the cloak half hiding her slim, eager form, the hood scarce concealing her wind-blown russet hair, was the frankest and the fairest lassie in three counties.

"What is amiss with Captain Contraband?" she repeated, as the Gauger took a long pull at his schnapps.

"Well, just this, mistress. He's a deal too well known, from here to London, and he fools us at his pleasure, and the big men of our Service have got wind of it, and they talk of superseding some of us if we cannot catch him. Not but what we have him safe enough this time," he added jauntily.

Josephine turned a pair of artless eyes on him.

"You have him quite safe?" she murmured. "Poor Captain Contraband!"

Again Ponto thumped his tail at the word he liked best to hear.

"Well, it's been 'poor Gauger Ralph' for many a month past," laughed the other, as he filled another measure of schnapps and lit his pipe afresh.

"I suppose—I suppose you could not tell me all about it?" the girl suggested, with an air that Ralph mistook for diffidence. "You have told me so many tales of past adventures; but oh! I should like a tale of an adventure that is really in the making!"

Ralph looked at her. True, it was a rule of his trade that a close mouth was the best trap-door to a secret; but what harm could there be in whiling away a half-hour or so for Mistress Josephine—what harm in showing her, as fat men delight in doing, the depth and width of his own cleverness? It was impossible to think that this laughter-loving, well-bred maid could mar or make an adventure of his own, even if she had the will.

"To be sure, it was never heard of," he murmured by-and-by—"never heard of, to go talking of our plans beforehand. But, then, what harm is there? And the lassie is fain to hear me talk, and, if it pleases her——"

He took another pull at the schnapps, which had already done much to warm his heart at the expense of his better judgment.

"And then you're a lady, mistress," he went on, "and ladies' tongues, they say, are not so long as ordinary women's."

Josephine doubted this, but did not say so. "I can keep a secret, Ralph," she said, with a dazzling upward glance at him.

"I believe you, my bonnie—asking your pardon, Miss Josephine, for calling you what no right-seeing man could help calling you——"

"So you know all his movements?" she said. "Why, Ralph, it will never be the clever folk, like you, that will be superseded."

"Aw—well—aw, well," drawled the Gauger, "some is clever by nature and by habit, too, if you'll let me say as much who shouldn't. Now this Captain Contraband is clever, too, ye'll mind, but it's by habit only, and the deep men, like myself, are bound to get the best of him one day. He is crossing from Dunkirk to-morrow with a cargo; he's going to run it into Thyra's Bay to-morrow night in the dusk of the moon; and he never guesses that old Ralph has got a young lad in his pay, who tells him all. Captain Contraband will

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"Nay, now; you were always one to have your jest," he cried.

run his cargo, and we'll let him—Lord, Lord, what am I saying? You make a man's tongue run too fast, Miss Josephine."

"Not a bit, Ralph! It is all a frolicsome tale to me, and what harm can I do you, even if I wished to? Or perhaps you think I shall head a company," she added in sheer devilry, "and rescue this wonderful captain of the smugglers?"

Gauger Ralph smacked each fat leg delightedly and looked across at her with a wonderful mixture of laughter and great admiration.

"Nay, now; you were always one to have your jest," he cried. "Well, you may as well know all now you've learned the best part of it. We shall let the Captain land; we shall let him and his men roll the kegs up the beach and along the path that leads to their snug little cave——"

"And you will be waiting with your men?" put in the girl. So far the Gauger's plan did not seem a very startling or novel one.

"Ay, we shall be waiting; but there'll be no chance of Captain Contraband laughing at us this time, as he did a month since. He

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had a dozen men with him then, you'll remember, and we had ten, and they just cracked our crowns and trussed us up among the grass—as many as couldn't get away on two legs—and we had to lie there, if you please, while they carried off their cargo and landed it, God knows where, along the coast."

The Gauger, once he had recovered from the first smart of a failure, was willing enough to join in the laugh against himself. He was laughing now, as the absurdity of that night escapade returned to him; indeed, laughter came as easily to Ralph as it did to Captain Contraband himself, and there was not the least malice in the world between the two, though the whole business of their lives was to outwit each other.

"But this time you will have the laugh?" prompted Josephine.

"Ay, that we shall. There's not a Preventive Station ten miles either way along the coast, but what I've sent or taken orders. There'll be, say, thirty of us this time, and we shall carry guns, and we shall wait in that bit of a hollow, where the shrubs creep out of the chalk and the sedgy grasses are ready to cover good Preventive men. Oh, ay, Miss Josephine, we shall wait till they're right on to us, and we shall take 'em bow and stern, so to say, and get the whole gang into our net."

Josephine grew thoughtful on the sudden, and Ponto whined as if he, too, understood the real peril into which at last his old smuggling friends were like to fall.

"And then," went on the Gauger, carried away by joy in his unhatched chickens, "then we shall take 'em straight on the nail to Sir Nicholas Vyse, and he'll give us a warrant that will tie 'em by the heels in St. Thane's gaol. Sir Nicholas doesn't live in his big house now—as you should know, for you live there yourself, Miss Josephine—but he has a bit of a place just overhanging this same Thyra's Bay; and I do say, whenever I think of it, that it's fair like a bit of Providence to put a magistrate so near a bay where smugglers are going to be caught."

Josephine Willoughby pressed two pretty hands to her waist and laughed as Gauger Ralph had never heard a lassie laugh before. He joined in heartily, thinking how easy it was to please a maid with any sort of smuggler's tale.

But Josephine was thinking of the exquisite comedy which Ralph proposed — to capture Captain Contraband, and then to hale him to Sir Nicholas Vyse for judgment. What if Ralph knew, as she did, that Captain Contraband was named Nick Vyse?

"It is a brave plan," she said, wrapping her cloak more closely round her. "Good luck to it, Ralph; I shall think of you tomorrow night. Come, Ponto! We are night-rakes, you and I, to be abroad so late."

"Step round the next morning, missie, and you shall hear all about the capture," was Gauger Ralph's farewell.

"I will," she answered cheerily.

Once out in the night wind, salty and free and stirring, the girl's spirits rose and rose. She could not hold back the reckless mood that was blowing a half gale, so to speak, in her slender body.

Sir Nicholas Vyse—magistrate, smuggler, and devil-may-care, trim gallant—was in grave danger. She knew what the danger was. Surely it should be easy, and vastly diverting, to help him to run his cargo safely?

"Ponto, we'll do it!" she cried, as she and the dog ran lightly up the cliff road.

And, while she laughed — while Ponto barked and frisked with proper understanding of her mood—the plan of rescue formed itself unheeding. Chance had made her an accomplice, not long ago, of Captain Contraband, and he had promised her in return that she should go aboard with him one day and run a cargo. He had told her, moreover, with the odd loss of prudence that affected all men when confronted with Josephine's high spirit and high beauty—had told her that he owned two ships, one a smuggler, the other a clean-built, honest-looking craft with the name of "*Thyra* of St. Thane's" painted clear on her side for any man to read.

This second was a decoy-ship, which showed the Preventive her heels in time of need, and lured them from the sister-ship; and then, after a long chase, surrendered and showed an innocent cargo of salted herrings, all packed neatly in their kegs. Sir Nicholas had told her this, and had added jestingly that she should captain the *Thyra* if she cared to, on her next trip.

"And I *will* captain her—and that tomorrow night," cried the girl. "Ponto, we'll take this giddy contraband at his word—we'll be smugglers, Ponto—we'll be wonderfully desperate characters, you and I."

Together they raced along the cliffs, not towards the great house, but to the village nestling down below. She stopped at the third cottage, went through the bit of moonlit garden, with its seaward, homely flowers, and knocked lightly at the door.

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Then she entered, to find five men seated round the fragrant, crackling wreck-wood on the hearth. It was plain that she was as welcome here as at Gauger Ralph's; it was plain, too, that Ponto was in his element, for he went to each in turn, and sniffed their smugglerhood, and looked at them from the corners of his wicked eyes.

"We're all jolly smugglers here," was plainly what he said.

As for the girl, her face said much the same, as she threw back her head and gave a friendly nod to each of these rough fellows who had started to their feet, and now were standing clumsily, not knowing what to do with their arms and legs.

"Good evening to you, mistress," they said shyly.

They were glad of the girl's coming, but they felt their clumsiness, as seafaring folk do when a dainty, lissome lass comes to touch their rude poetry into life. This particular lass, however, was not so unpractical nor so fragile as she seemed.

"This is good fortune," she said. "I looked to find only Timothy here, but there are four others of the crew as well."

"What crew, missie?" said old Timothy, with that innocent, yet rakish, look that smugglers wear when talking to one admitted to their Free-Masonry.

"The crew of the good ship *Thyra*, Timothy, decoy-boat, herring-boat—all kinds of boat, in fact. Now, Timothy, it is no use looking innocent, for how often have I listened to your tales beside this very hearth?"

"You're welcome to more, missy, welcome to more. There isn't a man from this to London but would trust a face like yours."

"I am glad of that, Timothy; for you see, there is to be a new captain on board the *Thyra* to-morrow night."

"What, now? Aw, you want to laugh at the old man. Haven't I been captain since first she took to the salted herring trade?"

"Yet for one night you are to be superseded, Timothy. *I* shall be in command."

They grinned with pleasant width and honesty. This was one of the young mistress's cantrips; she was always ready to tease or cozen them, just as the humour took her.

"It's no jest," went on the girl, though the sparkle in her eyes belied her. "Timothy shall command the ship so far as steering, setting sails, and such little matters go; but I shall be the real captain."

"Now, what do you mean, missy?" said Timothy bluntly.

"I mean that Captain Contraband will cross to-morrow with a cargo from Dunkirk; that he will anchor in Thyra's Bay with the last of the moonlight; that your decoy-ship will wait for him near the coast as usual, in case some Preventive cutter is in need of being led astray."

"But, by the smell of good schnapps, how d'ye come to know so much?" gasped Timothy.

"Captain Contraband told me as much. I helped him once, you see, to run a cargo, and he honours me with his confidence."

"Well, I'm—yes, I'm——, and I will have to say it, missie, saving your presence or no."

"Oh, I don't mind your being—ahem'd, Timothy, if only you will see that I am in earnest. I can tell you more about to-morrow's trip—something that neither you nor Captain Contraband knows."

"We're listening, missie."

The girl was so assured, so frank, they could not doubt her.

"The Preventive will be there. They have a traitor in their pay, and are going to gather so many men together at Thyra's Bay that Captain Contraband, with his men, will be taken without hope of resistance."

"But you know so much—you know so much—and you a slip of a lassie," muttered Timothy.

"You need not ask how I gained the last information, for I shall not tell you," went on the girl, with a pretty air of wilfulness, "but I *will* tell you how that cargo is to be landed with myself as captain of the *Thyra*."

They pressed close about her in their eagerness. It was a new experience—an oddly pleasant one—to listen to a girl in cloak and hood, who talked straight to the smuggling-mark and showed a tidy wit for planning. And, when she had finished, old Timothy could do nothing but repeat his old truism.

"Well, I—shiver me if I ain't—ahem!" he cried.

"By all means," laughed the girl again, "and, Timothy, say you agree. Should I play a stupid trick on you? Should I put all you good friends into danger wantonly? It is a true tale that I have told you, and if you will follow my plan we can not only warn Captain Contraband, but make sure that he can run his cargo."

"It's a ticklish job," said Timothy, scratching the six days' bristle on his chin. "You know Captain Contraband? Well, then, you'll know, may be, that he has a fiend of a

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temper when his will is crossed. His orders are short and sharp, to wait for him between St. Thanes and Thyra's Bay, standing a bit out to sea——"

"But, Timothy, I don't ask you to do anything else but wait for him. You can obey orders—and for my share of the work I will answer to Captain Contraband himself. I scarcely think, somehow, that I shall suffer from his temper."

Timothy looked at her with frank, seafaring admiration.

"No, you wouldn't," he said briefly.

"Then you agree?"

"Ay, dang me if I don't! The plan is tight and trim enough, and I'll take the risk of crossing Captain Contraband."

"I'll be here, then, at eight to-morrow night. Lads, salute your captain," she added, stopping half-way towards the door.

They obeyed her laughingly, and Ponto, with another wicked glance of fellowship at his old comrades, followed her out into the garden, and up the cliff, and in at the great door of Vyse House. As she stepped into the hall she was met by the elderly, quiet lady who was supposed to keep watch and ward over Mistress Josephine Willoughby in the absence of that lady's father.

"Josephine, my dear, I was growing so frightened about you. I—," began the dowager.

"Were you, dear? I have only been for a scamper on the cliffs, with Ponto to look after me."

Ponto was certainly a clever beast, however uncertain his ancestry might be. He looked up now into the old lady's face with such innocence, such honesty, as said plainly: "I know my duty; trust me to keep my mistress from all low haunts."

"What a fibber you are, Ponto," laughed the girl later as she stooped to bid him good-night. "Well, old boy, we shall see life to-morrow."

Truth to tell, the next day seemed very long to Mistress Josephine. She wanted to be in the thick of the adventure, and her patience had been ruined three times at least before the big clock pointed to a quarter to eight. The night was still and fair as she and Ponto ran down to the village; and the moon, dipping fast towards the marshes, showed there were two clear hours as yet before they need expect Captain Contraband.

"Ready, lads!" she said, with would-be precision of voice and air, as she reached the beach and found Timothy and a second sailor waiting with their boat.

"Ready, captain!" they answered jocundly. "The crew is all aboard except ourselves."

The girl stepped aboard, and silently they pulled across to the spot where the *Thyra's* sails shone white and fair beneath the moon and above the dark blue of the sea. A little cheer went up from the crew as they saw her climb on deck; for one and all were in gay spirits to think they had so plucky a leader, and one so bonnie.

All along the deck were ranged the kegs which made up the *Thyra's* cargo; and Josephine pointed to these, and gave her orders with a laughable, quick air, as of one who, like Captain Contraband himself, would be obeyed. Ponto, for his part, was sniffing at the kegs, in his usual inquiring way, and he seemed puzzled and disgusted by their odour.

"Four of you man the first boat, and take as many kegs as it will hold," commanded Josephine.

"Ay, ay, captain," they laughed, and made forward with the work as merrily as lads a-holidaying.

Gauger Ralph, meanwhile, was watching from the shore, a few score yards away from the hollow where his men were waiting.

"Lord, but this Captain Contraband grows pretty careless," he growled. "With his sails showing white as noonday, and a moon to light up every ripple made by yon incoming boat—does he think us Preventive folk are fools enough to warrant any cantrip? Dash me, he'll be running a cargo in broad daylight next."

Like a bulky fox he crept and twisted through the grasses until he reached the hollow.

"All ready?" he growled.

"All ready," came in an answering growl from the thirty men who lay under shelter of the bushes.

"The first load is coming in. Likely they'll wait until the whole lot is landed before rolling them up here. We've got 'em tight and snug this time, my boys! And to-night we'll tap one or two of those casks I saw them lowering just now. Sh!" He broke off, looking down the narrow track that gave upon the beach. "Do you hear their boat grounding on the shingle? Ready with your muskets, and, by the Lord Harry, don't let Captain Contraband escape."

But the crew of the first boat did not wait, as Gauger Ralph had hoped, until their friends had landed with the other kegs. Instead, they began to roll their own cargo up the shingle, then up the path, until they

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were close upon the hidden forces of the Preventive. Ponto was with them, for some reason best known to himself. At first, when the boat was being lowered, he had sniffed again at the kegs, had seemed to doubt if a good smuggling dog could allow himself to be mixed up in a matter of dishonest kegs, and then had leaped into the boat.

"Good Ponto!" laughed Captain Josephine, as she watched from the *Thyra's* deck. "He cannot let a chance of frolic go by. Well, I wish I were with him; but Gauger Ralph must not be taught distrust of petticoats."

Slowly the four men of the *Thyra's* crew rolled up their kegs; slowly the Preventive turned their muskets in their hands, waiting for a word from Gauger Ralph. At last the word came.

"Stand, in the King's name!" cried Ralph, jumping to his feet, and levelling his piece at the nearest smuggler's head.

The smugglers, obeying Josephine's instructions, looked up with all the evidence of panic. And first they seemed about to flee; and then they half turned as if to make a fight for it.

"Stand, you lubbers!" thundered Ralph. "Stand, or we'll blow you back to Dunkirk again."

For the foremost of the band was rigged in a great blue coat, and his figure was so like to Captain Contraband's that Gauger Ralph was sure that he had got the great prize in his hands.

The men did nothing, save look scared; they submitted passively while the Preventive bound their hands behind them; only Ponto showed a disposition to fight, as he snarled and snapped about the heels of Gauger Ralph —until he remembered what the scent was of the casks, and then he, too, desisted from attack, as if he understood the jest as well as any of his comrades.

"A tame end to a wild life, Captain Contraband," cried Ralph jocosely, addressing Bill, the well-featured sailor-lad who had been prevailed upon to impersonate his master.

"A tame end to a Preventive attack," retorted Bill.

"Oh, showing fight, young game-cock, eh? Well, it's time you did, for I'd rather see a man fight for his own than let it go without a blow. Let's see your face a bit more closely, Captain," he went on, his gaiety increasing; "we've only seen you in the dark till now, and I want to know you, face as well as figure, when I've next to catch you."

The lad, as it chanced, did not come from these parts, but had been chosen for the *Thyra's* crew when Captain Contraband was last in London; so Gauger Ralph, seeing him comely and less rough of speech and manner than the coastwise sailors, was pleased to make quite sure in his own mind that this was Captain Contraband.

"Pleased to meet you," he grinned, "very pleased to meet you, Captain. You've given me many a dance by sea and land, and now ——"

"You might tell us why we're bound," put in Bill, in a careless way.

The Gauger stared at him.

"Well, that's a good one. Why are we bound, says the bold Captain, when we've caught him rolling up the kegs—caught him as red-handed as man could be."

"Our cargo is not schnapps," went on the other.

Gauger Ralph, in his jolly, fat way, put a finger to his nose and grinned more broadly.

"No, cocky, I dare say it's not. Perhaps the kegs are full of the butter that won't melt in Captain Contraband's mouth—perhaps——"

"The barrels are too big for schnapps; besides, they're roughly put together. D'ye think those would hold any sort of liquor in?"

"Clever lad! Going to fool old Ralph again, eh? Makes his kegs bigger, makes 'em look as if they weren't water-tight, and thinks that sort of tale will go down like his own liquor. See here, Captain, I may be a fool, there's never no telling; but I'm not just young enough to take that sort of chaff."

"Open the kegs, then, and see."

"By-and-by, lad," said Ralph, with great gusto, "wait till we have got you to Sir Nicholas Vyse, and then to gaol, and after that we'll tap your kegs and welcome."

"You'll tap them now," the other answered him coolly. "You'll need proof before you take innocent men into custody, let me tell you, and I shall stir for no man till you've got it."

A vague foreboding seized Gauger Ralph, trained as he was by many a past experience of Captain Contraband. He kicked one of the kegs with his foot, and neither the feel nor the sound of it suggested liquor. Finally, he bade one of his men open it with his cutlass, and the moon, just disappearing behind the grassy edge of cliff, showed a fine lot of herrings, pressed and salted, and dove-tailed head to tail one into the other.

"Open the next!" roared Gauger Ralph.

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"Hoy, Captain Contraband!" she called.

Another kegful of reputable herrings was disclosed, and another, and another.

"You must settle for your share of the business with Sir Nicholas Vyse above yonder," said Bill, pointing carelessly in the direction of the little house upon the cliff. "'Twas he who asked me to bring him a cargo of herring, for he wanted some to send to friends in London. We've wonderful fine herring on this coast, and it seems the great folk in London have taken a fancy to have some. Well, it's your concern, not ours, if you like to spoil the cargo."

Ralph the Gauger groaned aloud. A pretty end to his brave scheme! It seemed to be to the tune of "fooled again" that he was destined constantly to dance.

"Unbind the rogues!" he growled at last "We're fooled again, lads."

The moon was down by this time, and the *Thyra* was no more than a blurred mass rising from a sea of ink. Josephine Willoughby, after a long glance at the shore, turned to Timothy, the skipper.

"They will have run their herring cargo, Tim?" she laughed.

"Ay, ay; they've had time enough."

"Then crowd all sail on, and we'll go to meet Captain Contraband. The sooner he knows the better; and we're too near the shore."

Timothy obeyed. Superstitious as all sailors are, and mighty yielding, moreover, when a pretty face was in question, he felt that this girl, with her quick schemes and quick orders, was bringing them great luck this trip. So they caught the edge of a stiffish wind, and tacked and scudded, scudded and tacked, until, across the blackness of the waters, they saw a light—a small, dim light, such as would be shown only by a craft that had a friend,

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and many enemies also, on the look-out for her.

"That's Captain Contraband's little craft," muttered Timothy.

"Then hail her."

Soon the two vessels were alongside, and Josephine could distinguish the outlines of a tall, square-shouldered figure on the bridge.

"Hoy, Captain Contraband!" she called, with a gay attempt to make her voice and language as seafaring as possible.

"Hoy! Who the deuce are you?" came back Nick Vyse's bass.

"Captain Josephine of the *Thyra*. We have just run a cargo of salted herrings."

"The blazes you have! Then perhaps you'll explain the meaning of this foolery."

"I will, if you'll lower a boat for me."

Nick Vyse whistled, then laughed angrily. Who was this girl who pretended to command his ship, who calmly ordered him to lower a boat? Then suddenly he remembered Josephine Willoughby, who had helped him loyally out of a recent scrape; he remembered her beauty and her recklessness; and so the boat was lowered, and it was he who helped the girl on deck.

"How d'you do, Captain Contraband?" said she, offering her hand as naturally as if they met, say in her father's drawing-room.

"Indifferently well. But mind you, Captain Josephine, smuggling is a shade too serious a game for whimsies of this sort"

"So serious that, if it were not for me, the Preventive would have had you in a trap to-night. Timothy"—motioning to the old man, who had come aboard with her—"tell Sir Nich—tell Captain Contraband just what we've done to-night."

Nick Vyse listened, and the first sternness of his face mellowed little by little, until at last he broke into a great roar of laugher.

"Gad, I could have done no better!" he cried. "Here, Captain Josephine, you're the luck of this trip. Tell me where I'm to land this cargo, now that the Preventive are busy up the coast."

"Why, at Saint's Bay again, of course—in my father's cellars, which are entirely at your service."

"Good again!" muttered Nick Vyse. "Now, here's a lass to my liking, if I never met one before."

A quick run brought them to Saint's Bay, and by-and-by the cargo—the heaviest that Nick Vyse had ever handled—was beached and rolled into the cave, and hidden under the great trap-door, which, strewn with sand and pebbles afterwards, looked precisely like all the rest of the flooring of the cave.

"You will come in and have a glass of wine?" said Josephine, pointing to the secret passage by which he had once before admitted himself to her presence.

"My thanks, but I am surely indebted sufficiently to you, and the hour is late—"

"Oh, if you choose to treat me as a woman," she answered, with the prettiest disdain. "I fancied I played the man to-night, and as Captain Josephine I ask you to come, smuggler fashion, and pledge our luck."

Nick Vyse found each new aspect of this girl more entertaining than the last. She was so straight, so merry, so utterly proud in her fearlessness. He followed her along the secret way and through the sliding panel that opened on to the hall of Vyse House.

"My dear old dragon is in bed," said Josephine quite easily and naturally. "I feared she would be shocked if I brought a brother-smuggler home, and so I persuaded her, as she was tired, to go to her room just after supper."

And so Nick Vyse drank his wine, and dallied, loath to go, and when at last he said good-bye, there was something wild, and big, and eager, stirring at his heart.

As for Josephine, she slept as an artless babe might have done; and when next morning she went down the cliffs, with Ponto at her heels, to the door of Gauger Ralph, she still looked very like an artless babe.

"Good-morning, Ralph. I've come for the tale you promised me."

"Step in," said Ralph gloomily. "It's an upside-down world, missie."

"Oh, indeed? But I thought it a very good world when I woke this morning."

"May be; but then you've naught to do with Captain Contraband."

"It is not likely, is it, Ralph?"

"*I* have, you see, and that makes all the difference. Well, you'll have the tale from another, if not from me, so here goes."

And Josephine sat there, all sympathy and silent laughter, as Ralph unwound his tale.

"Poor Ralph!" she murmured at the finish. "Better luck next time."

"May be," Ralph assented. Yet there was Ponto, sitting on his haunches, and eyeing Gauger Ralph with a look of contempt.

"Dang me, the dog knows all about it, too," said Ralph.

But Josephine, for her part, was wondering how soon her next adventure would arrive. Very soon, she decided, if she was to have any real joy in life.

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"Gad! I could have done no better!" he cried.

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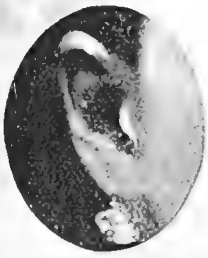
EARS

H.M. THE KING

The Peculiarities, Characteristics, Sizes, Shapes, and other things worth noting about Ears.

By Simon Gregory.

One never hears much about ears. It seems a curious thing that this should be so. For the ear is a very prominent factor in the face, quite as important as the nose, or the mouth, or the eyes. Were the ear to be absent we should miss it quite as much as we should miss the other features, but, in spite of this fact, little or nothing is heard about the ear.



H.M. THE QUEEN

PR. HY. OF PRUSSIA

If a woman has a pretty pair of eyes she makes the most of them. If her mouth is well-formed and her teeth are dazzling in their ivory whiteness, you may be sure that she is always ready with a bright smile on her lips. Again if she has a good nose, she takes care to be photographed in profile. But to be proud of her ears—not a bit of it!

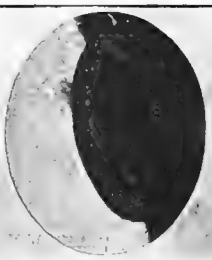
If fashion demands it she willingly covers them with a wavy mass of hair, or at the dictates of the same unrelenting goddess, she weighs it down with jewellery. I myself think ear-rings are ugly ornaments, but then I am a mere man and, my sisters tell me, know nothing about these things. But whatever may be said in favour of ear-rings, it cannot be denied that they serve to show up an ear that is badly shaped, and add no beauty to a delicate shell-like ear, beyond drawing undue attention to what is a doubtful ornament.

CROWN PR OF GERMANY

Scientists have lately turned their attention to ears. I do not mean to say that ears were entirely neglected before. Not at all, for our ear doctors have always been perfectly competent to fight the many troubles that attack our ears without fear of failure. I mean to

PRINCE EDº OF WALES

PR. HENRY OF WALES



DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

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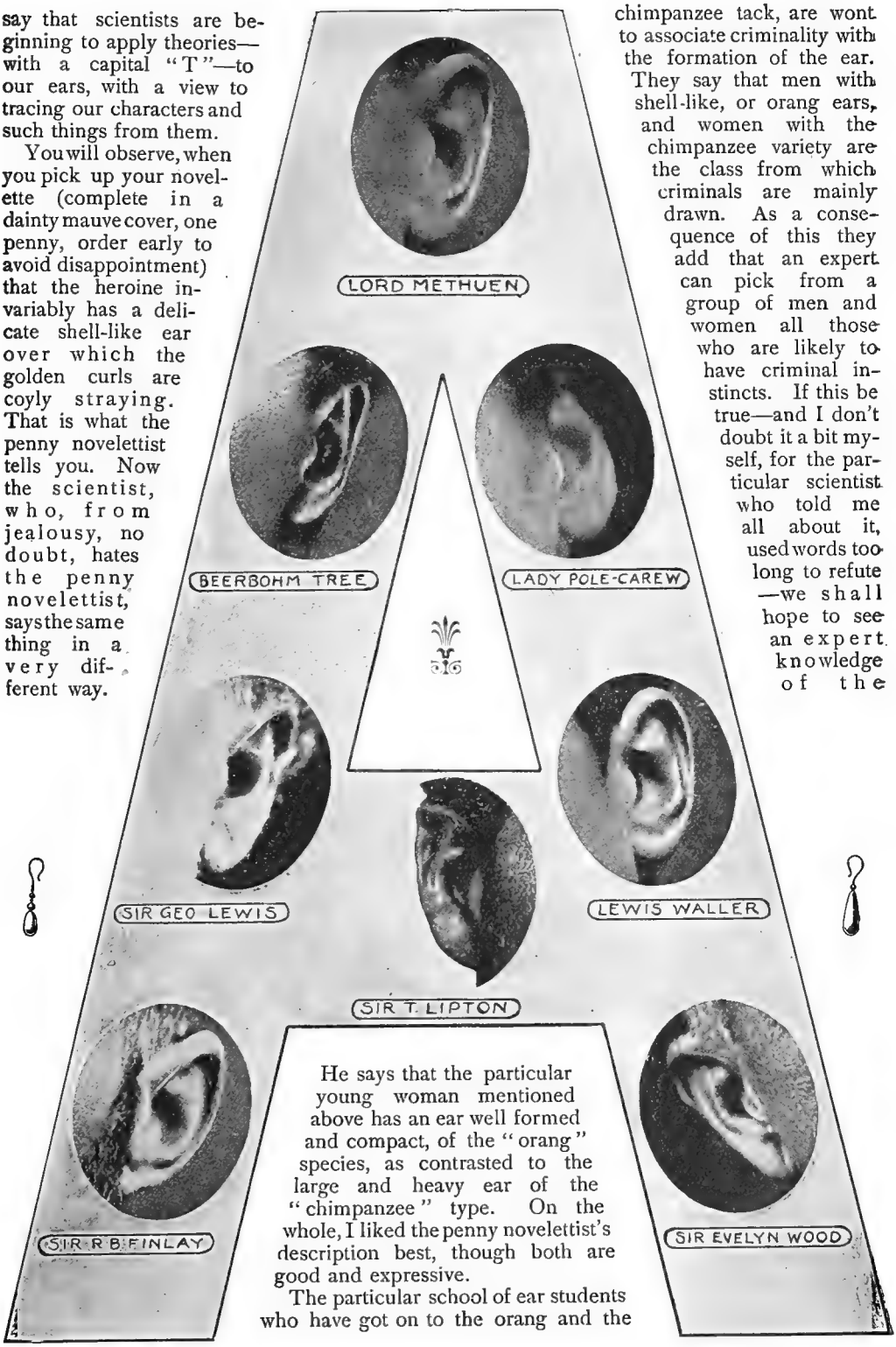
say that scientists are beginning to apply theories—with a capital "T"—to our ears, with a view to tracing our characters and such things from them.

You will observe, when you pick up your novelette (complete in a dainty mauve cover, one penny, order early to avoid disappointment) that the heroine invariably has a delicate shell-like ear over which the golden curls are coyly straying. That is what the penny novelettist tells you. Now the scientist, who, from jealousy, no doubt, hates the penny novelettist, says the same thing in a very different way.



He says that the particular young woman mentioned above has an ear well formed and compact, of the "orang" species, as contrasted to the large and heavy ear of the "chimpanzee" type. On the whole, I liked the penny novelettist's description best, though both are good and expressive.

The particular school of ear students who have got on to the orang and the chimpanzee tack, are wont to associate criminality with the formation of the ear. They say that men with shell-like, or orang ears, and women with the chimpanzee variety are the class from which criminals are mainly drawn. As a consequence of this they add that an expert can pick from a group of men and women all those who are likely to have criminal instincts. If this be true—and I don't doubt it a bit myself, for the particular scientist who told me all about it, used words too long to refute—we shall hope to see an expert knowledge of the

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science of the ear as a necessary qualification for the policeman of the future. When this millennium comes, we shall have all the criminals in England well under the control of the police. As regards lunatics, the same theory is upheld.

There is a very interesting fact about ears that is not generally known. Your ears never stop growing. They start when you are a baby, and continue to increase in size until you die. Hence it is that all old people have large ears, while those of the younger generation are small. Look round the room at any gathering of people, and you may prove the fact for yourself. The expert might even tell your age by the size and shape of your ears.

A pretty woman when her first youth is past, could still keep up appearances in all respects, were it not for the tell-tale ear, which soon loses its delicate curves as the thirties are

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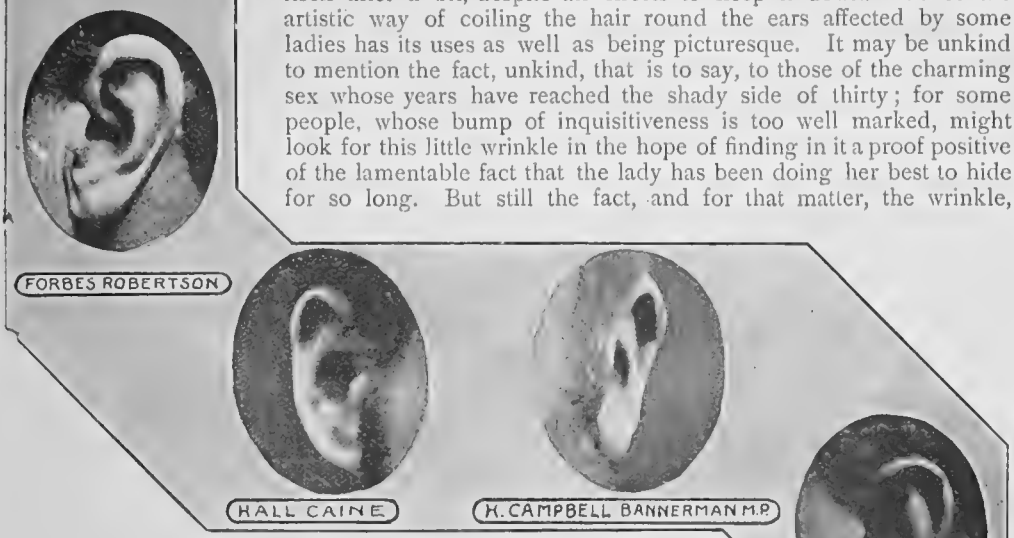
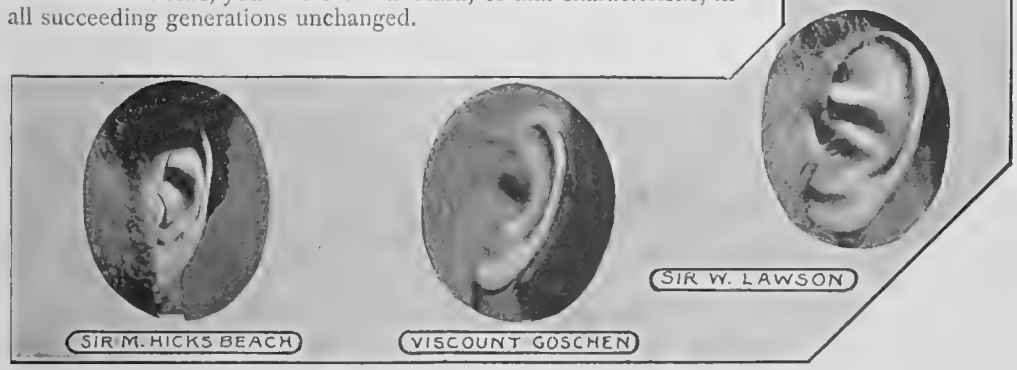
well on their way. There is a heartless wrinkle that will assert itself after a bit, despite all efforts to keep it down. Hence the artistic way of coiling the hair round the ears affected by some ladies has its uses as well as being picturesque. It may be unkind to mention the fact, unkind, that is to say, to those of the charming sex whose years have reached the shady side of thirty; for some people, whose bump of inquisitiveness is too well marked, might look for this little wrinkle in the hope of finding in it a proof positive of the lamentable fact that the lady has been doing her best to hide for so long. But still the fact, and for that matter, the wrinkle,



remains, and will remain. It is well-known that very few people can boast of a similar pair of feet; this is applicable to ears, for if you were to make careful measurements of those organs you could find many divergences in shape and size that would surprise you a good deal. Heredity, too, finds a firm supporter amongst ears, for in no part of the body are family resemblances so strongly reproduced as in the ears. Once the ears have got some mark, some characteristic, you will find that mark, or that characteristic, in all succeeding generations unchanged.



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Being a Further Escapade in the Shameless and Good-for-Nothing Existence of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

By Charles James.

The good ship *Camber Castle*, after a brief stay at Funchal, on her way homewards from the Cape, soon left the smiling island of Madeira far astern. Her captain, with the fear of his directors before his eyes, had only taken a hundred tons of coal into the bunkers, and consequently the vessel was hastening towards the dreaded "Bay" in an unpleasantly light and "corky" state.

For those of the *Camber's* passengers who were not proof against "the slings and arrows of outrageous (marine) fortune" the prospect of crossing Biscay's billows in this buoyant condition was sufficiently perturbing.

But Mr. Alfred Dimmock, returning from a brief sojourn in the island, feared none of these things. He cared not for ocean's angry moods: and the worst jump had ever proved insufficient to disturb the even tenor of his way, or to interfere in the remotest degree with his internal economy.

Just at this moment, he was most agreeably engaged chatting to an extremely pretty, fair-haired girl, seated in a cane deck-chair, shading her face from the hot sun, with a red parasol.

Mr. Dimmock had a positive genius for making friends with anybody he fancied—and that at the shortest notice. And something about his solemn, fathomless eyes and gentle, sympathetic demeanour always seemed to invite confidence.

Before the ship had arrived in the Bay of Biscay, Kate Bramston felt as if she had known Mr. Dimmock the whole of her twenty-one years of life. The girl was alone, except for an elderly and somewhat forbidding looking maid. Like Mr. Dimmock Miss Bramston had come on board at Funchal—so, as strangers, they naturally gravitated towards each other.

Mr. Dimmock had a susceptible heart, *i.e.*, he almost invariably fell in love with every pretty girl he met. And while they were together, no one could be more earnest, more devoted, more single-minded, than he. The unfortunate part of it was that the next pretty face he met at once quenched—nay, drowned—the "earnest," "devoted," and "single-minded" love that had hitherto enthralled his being. Before they were twenty-four hours out from Madeira, he seized an opportunity when the deck was clear, to declare his passion for his fair companion.

"I have never really known what it is to love, before," he said with simple pathos. He invariably prefaced all his declarations with these words. "But you, with your sweetness and charm of manner, have inspired me with a fervent love which can only end with life——"

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"Oh, Mr. Dimmock, don't, pray, go on! I—I am engaged!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands and looking appealingly into his eyes.

"Really! that's rather a nuisance, isn't it? Nice fellow?" asked Mr. Dimmock airily, and cured, in a moment, of his love-sickness. Kate Bramston looked at him in mild astonishment. This unquenchable love of his seemed, at all events, to be under most excellent control. Recovering herself she said, in tones of rapt admiration:

"Oh, he is more than nice—he is heavenly!"

"That's very satisfactory!" observed Mr. Dimmock. Then, turning her pretty eyes full upon him, the girl continued, heedless of the interruption:

"*Dear* Mr. Dimmock, I haven't a friend in the world! Everyone is against me. Will *you* be my friend?—oh, say you will!"

"Certainly. I'd say anything——er——" (cough)—"I mean, I'd do anything—anything to serve you, my dear Ka——Miss Bramston, I mean," replied he, settling himself into an attitude of earnest attention.

And then, with many repetitions, and shedding, now and again, a tear, she told him her story.

Briefly, it was this: Under the terms of her late father's will she was entitled to about £4000 a year, provided she married with the consent either of her guardian—with whom she lived in England—or of her brother, a young Colonial Bishop.

Her guardian, a certain Mr. Jedadiah Tonks, had quite determined that his ward should marry, not to please herself, but to suit his, Mr. Tonks's, convenience. To this end he was endeavouring by every means known to a perverse ingenuity to force on an alliance between her and his own idle, worthless son, Fred, before the young Bishop—who was then expected in England from his distant See—could arrive.

Miss Bramston was an orphan, and practically had no relatives in England to whom she could appeal. Everyone of her guardian's numerous family continually urged "dear Fred's" claims, and she had also to face the unfortunate fact—of which she was constantly being reminded—that, years back, when she was still a girl at boarding-school, she had once weakly promised to marry him.

But since then, a gallant young sailor had won her heart, a certain Lieutenant Neville, who was serving his country on board H.M.S. *Benbow*, then on the Australian station. The girl was evidently in a very nervous condition at the prospect of going back to her guardian's roof, and again being subjected to the annoying attentions of Fred; and it was quite in vain that Mr. Dimmock assured her that she could not legally be compelled to marry anybody at all.

"I have never really known what it is to love, before," he said with simple pathos.

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She had come out to Madeira in charge of the formidable maid, just for the sea trip, and on the implied understanding that if no word had then been heard from her brother, the Bishop, she should marry Fred within a fortnight of her return.

"And they *can* make me!" sobbed the poor girl. "No, I know they can't, legally—but, oh you don't know—men never *can* understand such things—how *awful* the whole family will make it for me if I still hold out. And Charlie Neville—that's his name," she said, smiling through her tears, "of course, he can't come back from sea to protect me—and George—that's my brother—has gone away to visit some of those remote islands in the Solomon group, or somewhere—" she continued vaguely, "somewhere where there aren't any telegraphs—and so I can't reach him—and, oh, Mr. Dimmock, you're the only friend I have, and please, oh, *please*, what am I to do?"

And a fresh outburst of sobbing effectually aroused our friend's sympathies, and for once in a way, he determined to sink all question of his own amusement and work with all his might and main.

But he saw his way to a practical joke at the same time. There were few situations in life from which he would fail to extract that.

"Do the Tonks family know your brother?"

"No. Only Mr. Jedadiah Tonks has ever seen him, and that was when he was starting for Australia at the age of nine. My brother and I were brought up together in Melbourne, and it was only four years ago that I came over to England."

"Am I anything like him?"

"Not in the least, except for the colour of your eyes."

"Good. And hair?"

"Oh, no! Quite different. His is much fairer."

"That is a detail. Now, this is what I propose. For this occasion only, *I* shall be your brother: *I* shall be Bishop Bramston!"

The girl clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, how *glorious!* how delightful! how ——," and then she suddenly stopped.

"But it would be impossible; my maid—the woman on board—would recognise you."

Mr. Dimmock's eyes twinkled.

"I'll forgive her if she does," he said. "I doubt if *you* would—when I have finished getting myself up in my ecclesiastical disguise."

And then he explained his plan. He had plenty of time and opportunity for doing this, and long before the *Camber Castle* had entered Southampton Water the two conspirators felt thoroughly at home in the respective parts they had to play.

* * * * *

Two days after landing, a dainty little note conveyed the information to Mr. Alfred Dimmock that nothing had been heard from Bishop Bramston, and that the writer was in despair.

"They are always at me to say 'yes' to that horrid Fred, and Fred himself is horrider than ever. Your plan involves an awful risk; but, unless we adopt it or I try to run away, I *know* they'll make me marry Fred. Just send me a line to say what had better be done." And she remained his "most unhappy Kate Bramston."

Mr. Dimmock's answer to her appeal was a visit to Clarkson, the wig-maker, followed by the sending of a wire containing this brief message:

"Arrived to-day, will be with you this afternoon.—Bramston."

He would have signed it with the Bishop's Christian name only he happened to have forgotten it.

The afternoon train conveyed him to Sinden station—and, not finding any carriage to meet him, as he had half expected, he threw his kit-bag into an open fly, and gave the order for Mr. Tonks's house.

Arrayed in full canonicals from the "turn-up brim" and all-rounder collar, down to the tightly buttoned black gaiters, and wearing a fair wig, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, Mr. Dimmock would certainly have been passed in the street by nine out of ten of his acquaintances without recognition. And with "Old man Tonks," as he irreverently designated his unwilling host, who had not seen the real Bishop since he was nine years of age, he felt absolutely safe.

Turning in at the carriage gates, the fly rattled up to the door of a large, square, ugly-looking house with cypress trees growing in a cluster opposite the front door. The "Bishop" alighted, paid the driver, and, before he could reach the bell, the gloomy looking portals were opened and Mr. Jedadiah Tonks himself appeared.

"Ah, welcome, welcome!" cried that gentleman in rather acid tones, and yet with a mighty effort to appear hearty. The fact was that Mr. Tonks greatly dreaded this most inopportune arrival of Kate's brother; though he still hoped to win him over to his own side in the matter of the much-desired marriage of his ward to Fred.

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"Ah, my dear sir, how delighted I am to see you after all these years! And where is my sister? Where is my little—er——" Mr. Dimmock had temporarily forgotten his sister's name, which created a momentary pause. Then, making a bold shot at it, he continued: "My little Blanche?"

"Blanche?" repeated Mr. Tonks blankly. "You mean Kate?"

"Of course I mean Kate. We always used to call her Blanche for short, don't you know. Colonial habit of ours, that's all. Ah! Here she is!" And Kate came rather timidly forward, with outstretched hand but stiffened arm. The genial Bishop, however, would not see this, and at once stooped down and kissed her rather more warmly than their fraternal relationship absolutely required. Kate turned scarlet, and came very near to giving an hysterical laugh.

His Reverence was introduced to the rest of the family—including the hated Fred—an awkward, loutish-looking creature to whom Mr. Dimmock took an immediate dislike. Tea was served, and Jessica, the eldest (and ugliest) daughter, at once made a dead set at "the Bishop." She would have no objection to go to Australia as Mrs. Bishop—especially with this fine-looking young man as husband. She carried his tea to him, and sitting down at his side on the sofa, began at once to bombard him with questions.

"I am so interested in Australia, do you know," she gushed, "and the dear natives. I suppose you're very fond of them?"

"Natives? Oh, immensely. But I have nothing to do with them just now. Danger of typhoid too great, you know," replied Mr. Dimmock promptly.

Jessica looked puzzled for a moment, but went on:

"Now tell me all about the Corroborees."

"Oh, very jolly fellows. Dined with 'em just before leaving Melbourne. Great friends of mine."

Miss Tonks stared. What *did* he mean?

Here Jedadiah struck in:

"I suppose, George, your See is a very extensive one?"

"I should think it was! It is bounded on the north by the extreme limit of the horizon, on the south by the rolling prairie! whilst the east and west—well, *they* really don't count in a country of such astounding magnitude."

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Jedadiah, "you astonish me."

The Bishop smiled in a patronising, but genial manner, and continued:

"Yes. I can stand at my own door at the palace of Wareveritis—pretty place, that—and see out across the flats for fifty miles!"

"Really! but I thought the country in your part was mountainous?"

"That's just the extraordinary part of it," returned the Bishop, not at all abashed at his mistake, "it *is* mountainous, and yet the face of the country is plain—plain as—as—" and here he took a comprehensive look at the faces of the Tonks' family— "as you are here!"

And though neither Jedadiah nor his belongings saw any double meaning in the simile, poor Kate Bramston nearly choked herself with a piece of muffin, and spilt half a cup of tea down her dress.

Jessica here took up the running again.

"Do tell me, is it true that the Solomon Islanders are cannibals?"

Mr. Dimmock hadn't the faintest idea, as a matter of fact, but without a moment's hesitation he replied:

"Yes—and no—to that question." He cleared his throat as though about to make a speech, put the tips of his fingers together and continued:

"As a general rule the inhabitants of this remote group are people of simple tastes; they dress merely in oyster shells threaded on strings, and hung round them in rows—soft rows—and all luxuries—such as electric light, Twopenny Tubes, Bridge, and half-penny Nap—are quite unknown. And the simplicity of their tastes is still further shown in this: that when they *do* eat their enemies, they content themselves with a plain roast or boiled—nothing of the *à la* order. But mostly, cannibalism is merely resorted to for the sweets. They are fond of sweet things. Ah, Miss Tonks," turning to Jessica, with an engaging smile, "you should go out there!"

And Jessica was left in a painful state of doubt as to whether the Bishop had paid her a graceful compliment—or expressed a pious wish that she should be eaten by cannibals.

After dinner that night—and when the ladies had left—Mr. Dimmock lit a cigarette, and, turning to his host, said in a low, impressive voice:

"Tonks, my boy, tell me; have you ever heard the secret of my life?"

Jedadiah looked up sharply.

"I——? No. I—I never knew you had one."

The Bishop sighed regretfully.

"Tonks, I know I can trust you. And the secret of my life is this: I have beneath this calm exterior and canonical waistcoat the—

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the—THE most diabolical and dangerous temper that ever man was afflicted with." Mr. Tonks looked uneasily at his guest. Then he said, "Ha, ha!" But the tone of his voice was not mirthful, and he insensibly shifted his chair six inches farther away.

"Yes," continued the Bishop, "I greatly deplore it—but, alas! there it is. If I am thwarted in anything upon which I have set my mind—well, the fact is, I become oblivious to what I am doing. But everything—EVERYTHING—goes! China, furniture, any human being I can lay my hands on—! Ah, yes, it is all so sad—especially for the inoffensive victims. Let me beg you, though, not to be in any way alarmed. I never suffer from an outbreak unless I first receive a warning that it is coming on—then, if there is a lunatic asylum handy, why I just pop in there until the attack is over—if not—but let us pass from this painful subject, to one very dear to my heart; my sister's marriage."

"Yes. I also wish to speak of that with you," said Mr. Tonks eagerly, "the fact is, my son Fred——"

But here the Bishop put up his hand for silence, and Mr. Tonks incontinently dried up.

"Whatever my sister Kate's wishes may be, I, her brother, have arranged everything. She may wish to marry Fred, but she *will* marry the man I have chosen for her! Yes, dear Tonks, this is just one of those things which it would not be safe even to argue with me!" and here Mr. Dimmock's voice rose ominously and smote on the other's ear with a warning ring.

"She shall marry the man *I* have chosen! By the way——" he broke off in an ordinary tone, "have you a lunatic asylum handy, in case I—er—should get out of hand? No? Ah, well, it doesn't really matter. But if, my dear Tonks, you are seriously thinking of advocating the claims of Fred—why, I will just take the precaution of first drawing the cartridges out of my revolver—there—see—here they are—two, four, six—that's all right!"

And removing the charges from a huge revolver, which he produced from his coat tail pocket, he threw them lightly on to the table.

"Now, my dear Tonks," he resumed, smiling and pulling down his shirt-cuffs, "you have nothing to fear—except, of course, the china and glass and furniture. So, if you have anything to say in favour of Fred—why, get it over as quickly as you can, for you know my secret, and can, I feel sure, sympathise with my unfortunate propensity."

But, strangely enough, the Bishop found that his dear Tonks had positively nothing to say in favour of Fred. Jedadiah trembled violently at sight of the cartridges, and, metaphorically speaking, hauled down his flag. His teeth chattered as he stammered out:

"N—o—n—o—not at all, my dear Bishop. Naturally, I was prepared to assent to—to Kate marrying Fred if——"

"Wh—a—a—t!" came in a kind of growl from the other.

"If—I was going to say—pray don't be hasty, my dear Bishop—my dear George—I merely meant that—that—the deed is here, ready for me to sign my consent to her marriage with Fre——"

"Ha!" snapped out the Bishop.

"With—with anyone you choose, dear George. B-b-but before you decide, I—I should like you to see poor Fred. He—er—he—well, I'll just send him in to you from the drawing-room."

And with a somewhat hurried and undignified scramble, Mr. Jedadiah shot out of the room. He had a lively regard for his own skin, and as Fred was to reap the reward—if any—let Fred bear the brunt of this Australian savage's cyclonic fury.

Fred, as yet unacquainted with the "secret of his life," approached the Bishop with a jaunty air—not to say a considerable allowance of what is vulgarly termed "side." He sat down at the table and cracked a nut to "show his independence" before leering at Kate's guardian and drawling out:

"Father seems to think you won't much like having me for a brother-in-law—'sthat true, eh?"

The Bishop eyed him and gave vent to a somewhat ogre-ish chuckle. Fred sat up straight instead of lounging, and his tone had lost something of its confidence as he went on.

"I'm awf'ly fond of Kate, don't you know—and I should make her an awf'ly good husb——"

But a wolfish growl from the other side of the table, froze any further supply of words in the speaker's throat.

Mastering himself, apparently with a strong effort, the Bishop held up his hand for silence.

"My dear Fred, however much Kate may love you——"

"Oh, she don't!" blurted out the tactless youth ruefully.

"Don't interrupt—her wishes on this all-important subject must—nay, shall!" and

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"I will just take the precaution of first drawing the cartridges out of my revolver."

here he raised his voice to a shout which made Fred fairly jump out of his chair, "give way to mine! I know of a most eligible suitor—Charles Neville, a lieutenant in the Navy. Listen, no one ever thwarts my will, young man—but I like you, Fred, and am willing to so far meet your views that you shall have my permission to marry Kate——"

Fred's face beamed with joy. He rose and extended his hand gleefully.

"——should she survive her first husband, and become a widow," concluded the Bishop, with decision. "You shall have the reversion."

Fred's hand dropped limply to his side again, and he resumed his seat.

"But—but—but you can't expect a man to agree to such terms as——"

"Wha-a-at!" screamed the Bishop, springing to his feet and furiously hurling a dessert plate on to the floor, where it was smashed to atoms. "'But me no buts,' sir! Do not venture to question my decision! Especially," he added, in calmer tones, "when I have accorded you second place on the list of suitors. Ungrateful youth!" he cried, wringing his hands, "leave me! You ought to be only too elated at your unmerited good fortune."

At the sound of the Bishop's raised voice and the smashing of crockery, Mr. Jedadiah, who had been listening outside at the keyhole, sprang to his feet and fled incontinently up the stairs, whilst the unfortunate youth, in his fright, fell over backwards on to the floor, chair and all. He then hurriedly rose and left the room, whilst this exponent of the ways of the church militant, quietly sat down and indulged in a silent, but none the less, hearty laugh.

Then he rang for a servant.

"Desire Miss Bramston to step here," said

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"I congratulate you heartily, Frederick. You occupy a proud position, indeed, holding, as you do, the second place on Kate Bramston's list of husbands."

the Bishop, and a minute later the two conspirators were alone.

"All goes well," whispered Dimmock, with one eye on the door, "I, your brother, will hear of no engagement to Fred. I insist upon you marrying Charles Neville. You had better not appear *too* pleased, you know!"

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough!—but here is a fresh and most horrible complication! I have just received a telegram from my brother who arrived in London yesterday. He is coming here to-morrow!"

Mr. Alfred Dimmock thoughtfully scratched the end of his aristocratic nose. This was rather a poser.

After a few moments he said: "Give me his address and a short note for him, just touching on the heads of our scheme. I will call at his hotel and explain. Wire him to-morrow that he mustn't come down here. And now, good-bye, if I don't have a chance of seeing you again alone."

"Good-bye, and so many, many thanks. But——" and this was said with such a sweet droop of the pretty eyelashes that Mr. Dimmock again fell hopelessly in love with her, "wasn't it rather mean of you to—give me that kiss when you arrived?"

"Fraternal, quite fraternal. And in that same spirit, I'll take another!" And the deed was done before any effectual resistance could be made. Kate fled from the room, laughing and blushing, too. And Mr. Dimmock smiled a satisfied smile.

But Fate had yet a cleft stick in which to catch the speaker; for, ten minutes later, Jedadiah brought in a formidable array of legal documents for "the Bishop's" signature.

Now, Mr. Dimmock, with all his "cool cheek," yet possessed caution and common-sense, and he had certainly no intention of doing anything so foolish as committing forgery. He shook his head in gentle negation, when Jedadiah offered him the pen.

"No, dear Tonks, no. Never do anything of that sort without first reading every word—that will take me at least a week—and legal papers always agitate me. As you know, Tonks, when agitated, I am——" smiling deprecatingly, "rather a lively companion. More of your charming dessert service—and

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other things—might suffer. I will take the papers away with me to-morrow, and return them signed, in due course. Meantime, let us join the ladies and I will show them some parlour tricks. And pray accept my apologies for the broken plate. I will replace it when I go to town."

* * * * *

Next morning at breakfast and just as Mr. Dimmock was attacking his second cup of coffee, a stupid-looking servant entered, and, addressing Mr. Tonks, said :

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir—name of Brimstone—a clergyman, sir."

Mr. Dimmock replaced the coffee cup on the table and exclaimed laughingly :

"Brimstone—and a parson ! It sounds almost like a poison and its antidote—a disease and its remedy—Hades and the way to avoid it!"

Kate sat trembling. Well she knew that the name must be "Bramston" and that the caller was her brother, the real Bishop. What, oh, what would happen ? But Dimmock went on as coolly as ever :

"Some clerical begging impostor, I expect. Let me interview him for you, Tonks. The sight of one of the cloth will probably choke him off," and, without waiting for Jedadiah's assent, he strolled quietly out of the room.

In the hall, he was confronted by a tall, well set up man, of about his own age, attired in clerical dress. The stranger advanced and held out his hand.

"You don't remember me ?" he asked in a pleasant voice. "I suppose you must be Fred ?"

Mr. Dimmock coughed. He did not feel exactly flattered.

"I wanted to see if I should be recognised, Fred—so I didn't announce myself as the Bish——"

"George!" suddenly interrupted Mr. Dimmock, drowning the other's voice with his own, as he perceived, out of his eye, Mr. Jedadiah coming round the corner to listen, "George!" he went on, speaking very rapidly, "this is indeed a pleasure. To think that all these years, yes, a very lifetime has passed since you and I were boy and girl togeth—boys together. Ah, yes, it is all too sad to think of the flight of ages, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul ! Come with me, my dear George, friend of my youth—I should say of my little Eton-jacketed boyhood. Come into the garden, Mau—George, I mean, and there let us talk of our playful gambols in the stone ages, or whenever it was."

But here Mr. Tonks came forward. "Who is this gentleman ?" he asked suspiciously, raising his spectacles as he spoke.

"Ah, Tonks, this is one of my dearest and earliest friends. We shared the same cradle, drove in the identical perambulator, fought for the coral-ring on which to cut our infantile teeth—but there !—I must pause. Come, George, come—get out of the way, Tonks—into the garden, and we will commune together."

And he half dragged, half pushed the astonished Bishop past Jedadiah on to the garden path outside.

To say that Bishop Bramston was staggered by this extraordinary conduct is putting the case mildly. But once out of earshot of Jedadiah Tonks, Mr. Dimmock quickly revealed the true state of affairs.

The young Bishop at first looked shocked —then he grew angry as he heard of Tonks's perfidy in the matter of Kate and the hated Fred—after which he laughed immoderately at Mr. Dimmock's cool audacity, and, finally, an arrangement was come to, by which the Bishop, without disclosing his identity to the Tonks family, would return immediately to town, his sister joining him there later in the day, whilst Mr. Dimmock was left to march out of Mr. Tonks's domain with all the honours of war.

In this way the interests of all parties would be served, and for once in a way, Mr. Dimmock would have the satisfaction of feeling that his mad pranks had really served a useful end.

That morning, the spurious Bishop bade farewell to his host's family—not forgetting a "fraternal" kiss to pretty Kate—and making an impressive pause whilst shaking hands with Fred, he observed in his finest Episcopal manner: "I congratulate you heartily, Frederick. You occupy a proud position, indeed, holding, as you do, the second place on Kate Bramston's list of husbands."

And as Mr. Dimmock stepped airily into a fly and drove off, Fred stood helplessly staring after him with his mouth wide open, Jedadiah retired to his study to swear, whilst Jessica, abandoning all hope of ever again meeting this bright and entertaining man who was actually "a friend of the Corroborees," threw herself on a sofa and relieved her overcharged feelings by a flood of tears.

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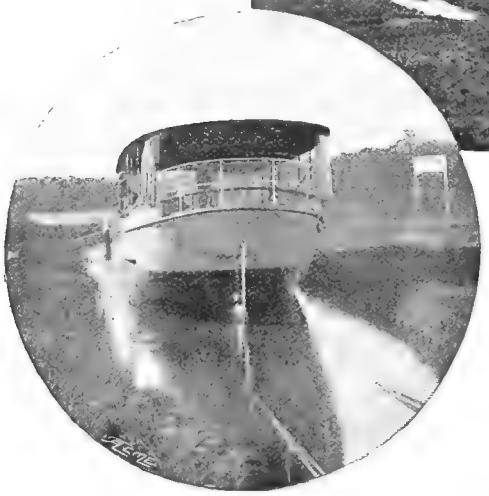
This boat has a regular overland journey of about one thousand yards on each journey, having to cross a strip of land dividing two lakes. To leave the water it has to run into a narrow channel, being then carefully steered on to a pair of rails on which it travels to the other lake.



PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

More Photographs of Things Strange, Quaint or Funny are Still Wanted by the Editor of the ROYAL, *and will be well paid for.*

AN AMPHIBIOUS BOAT.

A FEW miles north of Copenhagen, in Denmark, are a couple of fine lakes separated by a strip of land. In the summer there is a passenger boat that steams about the two lakes, crossing the intervening space of land by means of a short railway a thousand yards or so in length. This railway is reached by a long estuary that gradually narrows until the sides of the vessel are touching the banks. The boat continues her course and, as the water becomes shallower and shallower, she finds herself running on a pair of railway lines.

The boat now moves on little wheels fixed near the keel, and the engines are for the moment turned on to the driving of these wheels. When she reaches the other lake the screw begins to move again as before.

OTHER PEOPLE'S UMBRELLAS.

You see these natives in the accompanying photograph. They are Tamils, that is to say, native dwellers of the city of Madras. The one who is carrying that umbrella of the ordinary shape is a town man, while the others are navvies, or what corresponds to navvies in India. The ordinary umbrella is simply made of plaited palmyra leaves fixed on to a bamboo stick. Those more like inverted sacks (one can hardly call them umbrellas) are of woven rushes. They are very popular with the natives, for they give ample protection from the rain and the hail, and leave the hands free. Such umbrellas would be very popular in this country, and certainly are quite as ornamental as the ordinary black mushroom that we still hold to.

Strange Indian umbrellas.

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A CAMERA COMICALITY.

These three gentlemen are busily engaged in a game of cards. You have probably discovered that they are triplets by now; but if so, you are wrong, for they are one and the same person! The photographer has been up to his tricks here. I will explain his method. First the tables and the chairs were carefully focussed. Then the central figure and the table were taken. These were removed and the side figures were each taken separately, but all on the same plate. There was a very tightly stretched black background. The result is as you see. Amateur photographers are at liberty to imitate—if they can.

Photo by Pickering.

A quiet game of cards in which each player is the same man.

A motor-car that conveys cats and dogs to hospital when ill.

AN AUTOMOBILE ANIMAL AMBULANCE.

I believe that Cleveland in the United States is the only town in the world to boast of an automobile ambulance for animals. A certain Dr. Staniforth of that city has an infirmary for dogs and cats, and he has had a special motor-car built for him which he uses for the ambulance work connected with this infirmary. The front portion of the car contains a couple of large cases, the upper one to hold cats, the lower, which is divided into several partitions, to carry dogs. There are slits in the sides of the cases to admit air, and a dish of water is supplied to satisfy the thirst of each of the sick inmates, for Dr. Staniforth is very careful with his dumb invalids.

The two bull dogs sitting on the front of the car are not sick, as one might imagine. They are pets of the veterinary who always go out with him on his visits and cause no end of amusement to the small boys of the town.

A SHEEP WHO IS A STEEPLE-JACK.

No one is surprised to see a cat walking on the roof, but one never expects to see a sheep doing the same thing. But here is one, and a good fat one at that. He has climbed up on to the roof of a house of four storeys and is apparently thoroughly enjoying the admiration of the crowd who are gathered below. He climbed on to a low wall to begin with and thence on to the roof in its lowest part. Then by a series of jumps and scrambles, he reached the top. He stayed there for over two hours, and was with the greatest difficulty persuaded to come down again.

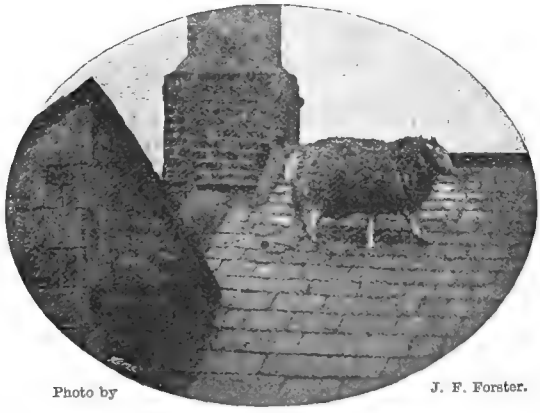

Photo by J. F. Forster.

An original-minded and adventurous sheep.

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TOMMY AT THE TELEPHONE

A Story Illustrating the Importance of the Office Boy.

By Harry Crouch.

I.

Mr. Thomas Budding, aged fifteen, occupied the important—in his own estimation—post of office-boy to the Furnival Iron and Steel Company. For his age he was small in stature, and slenderly built. But his head contained a brain that was developed more than it ought to be in one so young. It (the brain) was chock-full of originality, native humour, and vivacity, and was continually suggesting pranks and tricks that invariably led its owner into trouble.

At the present moment Tommy was, with thrilled heart, devouring a penny "blood-curdler," his big blue eyes dilating with excitement as he negligently reclined in Mr. Furnival's morocco-covered office armchair with one leg carelessly thrown across the other, and a cigarette of extremely doubtful quality delicately held between suspiciously-stained finger-tips.

At that critical part of the story where the brave boy, single-handed, defeats a whole tribe of scalp-hunting Indians, Tommy was disturbed by footsteps that were unmistakably those of his employer.

Imbued with the spirit of the book he was reading, he jumped to his feet, struck a theatrical attitude, placed a hand to his ear to form an ear-trumpet, and exclaimed: "Hist! Methinks I 'eard footsteps!" Having assured himself that his "methinks" had not misled him, he muttered in his deepest tones: "Ha! 'Tis 'e! 'E must never discover me thus. Ha, ha!"

In a second the cigarette was extinguished, the last wreath of smoke was fanned into nothingness by the "blood-curdler," which, in turn, was by some dexterous sleight of hand hidden out of sight, and Tommy was tidying up the office with a vigour that looked like ending in apoplexy.

"Tommy!"

"Yussir," he replied, when he had had time to recover.

"It is with regret that I have to speak to you about a certain matter, which perhaps you can clear up," began Mr. Furnival, looking very grave.

With the painful knowledge that the aroma of his cigarette was still making itself manifest, Tommy turned red and shifted uneasily. This embarrassment did not escape the notice of Mr. Furnival.

"Yesterday afternoon I gave you a packet to deliver at my residence," said Mr. Furnival.

"Yussir," replied Tommy. "Remember it distinkly; addressed to Mrs. Furnival."

"What did you do with it?" asked the manager abruptly.

"Delivered it to Miss Crimmins, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Young lady wot assists the 'ousemaid, sir."

"You mean Jenny."

"Yussir, Miss Crimmins," replied Tommy, not quite liking the familiar way in which his employer spoke of the young lady to whom he paid his youthful attentions.

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"Do you know what that packet contained?" went on Mr. Furnival, with another discomforting glance.

"No, sir. Ain't got th' faintest idea," Tommy answered, as his eyes again studied the pattern of the carpet.

"Well, it contained a valuable brooch. Mrs. Furnival received the packet, but the brooch was missing. Do you truthfully say that you do not know where it is?"

"No, sir—I mean, yussir."

"Tommy, if you know anything about this matter, own up like a man, and I'll say no more about it."

The round eyes of Tommy lit up with resentment.

"Mr. Furnival," he replied, taking a step forward and looking as indignant as his chubby face would permit, "I delivered that there packet as it was give me, and I knows nuthink more about it."

After giving Tommy another soul-searching look, to which Tommy replied with a defiant stare, Mr. Furnival left the room.

Tommy stood for one moment irresolute, then, turning round, he picked up the feather brush, and with one fell blow and a "Ooshter, take that!" swept the managerial photo off the mantelshelf.

II.

Mr. Furnival had left the presence of Tommy unconvinced of his innocence. Jenny, like Tommy, had shown considerable confusion under her master's searching cross-examination. Mr. Furnival had, thereupon, come to the conclusion that they were concerned in a theft. Had he known how terrifying he looked when he was stern he would have found ample excuse for their discomposure.

It was Tommy's shrill voice answering a telephone call that suggested a possible means of discovering the truth. Mr. Furnival knew that Tommy, being the first arrival at the office, took advantage of his loneliness to have a clandestine talk with Jenny over the telephone every morning.

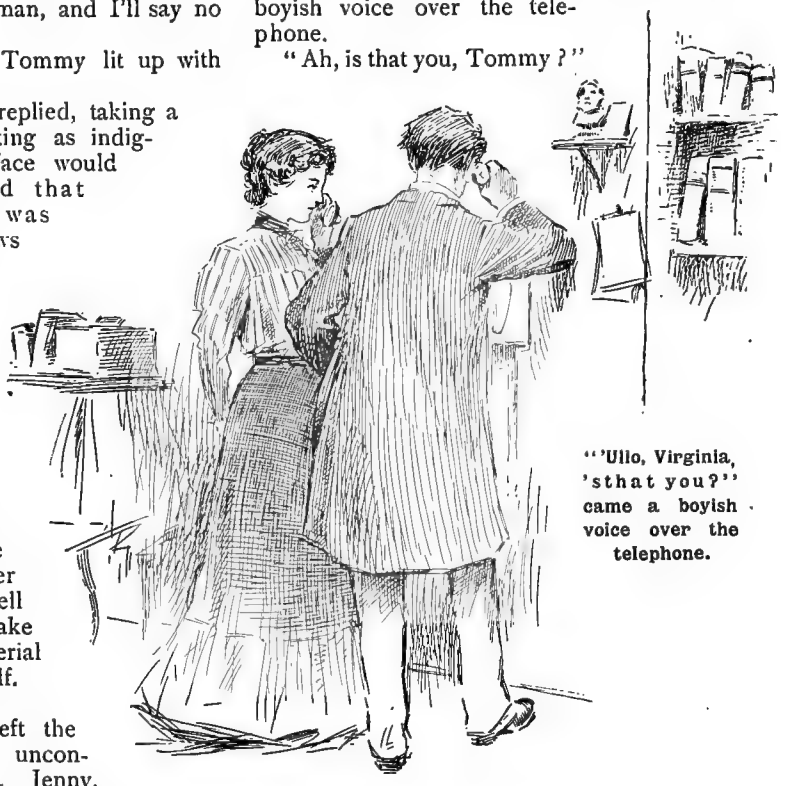
It now occurred to him that by getting Jenny out of the way on the following morning, and by Mrs. Furnival simulating Jenny's voice over the telephone, Tommy might be induced to make some compromising admissions about the brooch.

Early next morning, therefore, Jenny, much to her heart's distress, was sent on an errand, and Mr. and Mrs. Furnival waited in the study for the expected telephone call.

It came at last. Mrs. Furnival took down one ear-piece, and her husband took the other.

"'Ullo, Virginia, 'sthat you?" came a boyish voice over the telephone.

"Ah, is that you, Tommy?"



"'Ullo, Virginia, 'sthat you?" came a boyish voice over the telephone.

"I'm that lively cricket, old gal," came back the answer. "Well, me darlin', 'ow's yer appetite?"

"All right, thank you, Tommy," replied Mrs. Furnival, somewhat disconcerted at his question and forgetting to disguise her voice.

"I say, Virginia," said Tommy, "ain't you gittin' clarsy in yer talk. Does th' missis talk out of 'er throat like that? Think I shall talk like old Furnie. How do, old chappie?—aw—aw, doncherknow. Funny cove, old Furnie, ain't 'e?"

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Mrs. Furnival looked at her husband, and they both tittered with amusement.

"'E ain't bad at times," went on Tommy, "but lately 'e's bin so touchy I ain't 'ad patience with 'im. 'E's bin unbearable, 'e 'as."

"What has he done, then?" asked Mrs. Furnival, again glancing at her husband, who smiled encouragingly.

"Done! W'y, yer know that there packet as I give t' you day before larst?"

"What about it?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival listened intently, he nodding excitedly to indicate that something might now be expected to happen.

"Well, it 'ad a brooch inside, and 'e actually thinks I stole it. It 'urt me feelin's, I can tell yer, the stingy old fat'ead. 'E 'as got cheek, that bloke, swelp me if 'e ain't."

Mr. Furnival was by no means thin-skinned, and was not fool enough to expect people to speak about him as they spoke to him. These little back-bitings only appealed to the humorous side of his nature. With twinkling eyes he was gently nudging his wife as each fresh epithet came from Tommy.

"It's disgustin'," continued Tommy, "makin' all this 'ere fuss about a sixpenny-'apenny brooch. I bet 'e's given many a brooch like that away, and never thought no more about 'em. The way 'e used t' carry on afore e' got married was somethink shockin'. Eh! wot's that, Virginia?"

It was an exclamation that Mr. Furnival could not restrain. An awful expression had eclipsed the pleasant smile on his face.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Furnival over the telephone. "Go on. One minute, though."

Mr. Furnival had suggested that, as Tommy's words had fully cleared his character, it was simply wasting time to carry on the conversation any further, to say nothing about the correctness of the thing.

Mrs. Furnival replied with a look so full of meaning that he shuddered.

"Go on, Tommy," she said. "It was *nothing*."

The marked emphasis on the last word sent another thrill through her husband.

"Sounded somethink like old Furnie's jaw," answered Tommy. "Well, as I was a-sayin', afore 'e got married I remember 'im a-sendin' me——"

Brrr—brrrrr—brrrrrr!

Mr. Furnival had surreptitiously put his finger on the telephone hook and pulled it down, thus disconnecting the line. His hopes that his action had escaped notice were soon dispelled. Removing his hand, she remarked in a whisper that his conscience seemed to have become suddenly very active, not on Tommy's account, but his own.

If he wished to prove that it was not so, he would listen calmly to what Tommy had to say. If he again interrupted, she should, she said, take it for granted that Tommy's statements were founded on fact, and she would then for ever be the victim of vague suspicions.

He realised the force of her argument and gave in, fervently wishing that some unforeseen occurrence would either break the telephone line, or, for the time being, deprive Tommy of the power of speech.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo!" cried Tommy's voice. "Ah, 'sthat you, Virginia, me precious? Them Exchange people is a nuisance. Well, as I was a-sayin', ole Furnie once sent me with a package containin' some jool'ry t' some gal of 'is'n. On another occasion wot d'yer think I actually saw? W'y, 'im a-kissin' of a gal in this 'ere very orfice. Th' prettiest gal as ever I seen—'ceptin' you, o' course, me 'oneysuckle. I s'pose 'e's married some ugly ole frump; it's usually th' fate o' sich men as 'im."

Mrs. Furnival was keeping a stern gaze upon her husband, over whose face varying shades of colour were chasing each other in rapid succession. Blank amazement was followed by angry indignation at these charges, which he was prepared to swear, on the Holy Scriptures, were baseless.

"Good-bye, me pet," concluded Tommy. "I've got an awful lot o' correspondence t' attend to. Good-bye."

"I say, Tommy," quickly interposed Mrs. Furnival, "I'm very much interested about old Furnie. Do you know anything more about him?"

Mr. Furnival groaned inwardly.

"Wotto, not 'arf! But I can't stay now. Tell yer more about 'im termorrer mornin' if I ain't too busy."

Mrs. Furnival replaced the ear-piece on the hook, rang off, gave her husband one blighting look of contempt, and left him to ruminate in solitude on the outlook. With seething blood and conflicting emotions, he ruminated for a considerable time. Previous experience had taught him one thing, that an attempt to prove his guiltlessness with his wife in her present frame of mind would be absolutely futile.

III.

"Budding!"

The ominous ring in his master's voice

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made Tommy's heart palpitate as he hastened to answer the call.

"Yussir."

"Go and tell the cashier to pay you a week's wages in lieu of notice, and clear out of this office as soon as your legs can take you."

Tommy stood transfixed.

"Do you hear me?—get out!"

But Tommy stayed. This arbitrary treatment outraged his conception of fair play.

"If you please, sir, I should like t' know th' reason of me dismissal," he demanded dauntlessly. "Ev'ry workman 'as 'is rights and privileges, sir, and I think it only due t' me. And if you think I stole that there brooch, sir, I wishes t' say that you're mistook; that's all, sir."

"Go and tell the cashier to pay you a week's wages in lieu of notice, and clear out of this office."

Mr. Furnival recognised the justice of Tommy's request. If he allowed the lad to go away with the impression that he had been dismissed because he was a suspected thief, it might exercise a bad influence over his future life.

He therefore read Tommy a severe lesson on the pernicious habit of lying, in the course of which he was obliged to disclose the part he and his wife had played over the telephone. He gave a lengthy dissertation on the evils of slanderous untruthfulness, pointing out how easily a few seemingly innocent falsehoods had not only led to family discord (about which he would not speak), but to the disgrace of a boy possessing the brightest of prospects.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself?" he asked in conclusion, mistaking Tommy's silence for remorse.

But Tommy was not moved that way. He was searching for the most polite way of saying something that was troubling him.

"If you please, sir," he said at length, "is it honourable to eavesdrop?—I s'pose it is," he added reflectively.

Mr. Furnival coughed into his handkerchief to hide his feelings. To his relief, Tommy did not wait for a reply.

"And, if you please, sir," he continued, "I don't quite understan' wot you've bin a-talkin' about. Them worn't false'oods as I told, sir."

"Weren't falsehoods, you young rogue? Why, this is worse and worse. Please tell me when and where I sent that piece of jewellery to a young lady?"

"Cert'inly, sir," Tommy readily replied. "'Twas about six months ago, sir; and she lived in Tostevin Square."

"Why, you young scamp, that young lady is now Mrs. Furnival."

"Lor, sir," answered Tommy, suppressing with difficulty a strong inclination to burst into unseemly laughter, "it's the same young lady as I saw you a-kissin' of in this 'ere very room."

Luckily both for Mr. Furnival's spiritual welfare and Tommy's bodily comfort, the sudden entrance of a friend put an end to the situation.

* * * * *

Mr. Furnival, deep in thought, was leaning back in his chair, when a timid knock roused him from his reverie. In answer to his "Come in," the door suddenly opened a few inches, and a boy's anxious face thrust itself into the aperture. Apparently satisfied by his master's aspect, Tommy—for it was he—cautiously entered the room, prepared, however, to fly at the first sign of danger.

Mr. Furnival was disposed to receive him kindly. Tommy's remark about eavesdropping had touched the spot, and, since he had discovered that the boy had literally told the truth, he was forced to acknowledge that the blame of the affair ought only to be

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Jenny was angrily demanding an explanation of his inconsistency.

visited upon himself. When, therefore, Tommy asked that his dismissal might be postponed until the following day, he readily granted the request. He asked for an explanation.

"I wishes t' undo wot I've done," replied Tommy.

"And how do you propose to do that?" asked Mr. Furnival.

"Th' larst thing I told Mrs. Furnival was that I'd 'ave some more t' say about yer termorrer mornin', sir. Well, she'll be there agin, and then's me charnce."

* * * * *

That afternoon Tommy knocked at the door of Mr. Furnival's residence, where he had been sent, at his own request, with a message. This was to give him the opportunity of playing a part before Mrs. Furnival, to whom the note was addressed.

He had a heated and acrimonious wrangle with the servant who opened the door in an attempt to convince her that he must see her mistress personally. He only achieved his end, however, by changing his tone and indulging in a wealth of complimentary language calculated to soften the most austere of females.

Tommy's behaviour before Mrs. Furnival was certainly remarkable. As she entered the room he turned upon her a look of utmost amazement and admiration, and never once changed that expression whilst in her presence. She felt somewhat disconcerted at this obtrusive admiration, but, nevertheless, had vanity enough to be pleased at her power of creating it, even in one so young and lowly. Evidently, she thought, the surprise was due to the discovery that his master had not married the "ugly ole frump" he expected. That was just what Tommy wished her to think.

The last she saw of him was a wonder-struck eye gazing at her through a half-inch of unshut doorway. She did not see him outside, standing, humble and apologetic, before the irate Jenny, who was angrily demanding an explanation of his inconsistency in wantonly flirting with that "carrotty-'eaded good-fer-nuthink" who had admitted him into the house.

IV.

Mr. Furnival, on arriving home that evening, soon became aware that his wife's mood had undergone no change. She received him in the dining-room with studied coldness. He might just as well have implanted a kiss upon the marble statue in the hall for all the impression his customary salutation made upon her.

He made no attempt to open up a conversation, knowing well that it could only end in a discussion of the morning's incident; and he preferred to leave the task of clearing up that matter to Tommy, in whose ability he had the utmost confidence, providing circumstances were favourable.

His silence did not tend to allay the suspicions of his wife, nor did his apparent

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cheerfulness strike her as being in keeping with the deplorable situation.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival were about the house early on the following morning. She seemed to be particularly busy in the vicinity of the study, and he seemed to be just as busy keeping an eye upon her movements.

Presently the telephone bell rang. Mr. Furnival rushed to the study and arrived just in time to catch his wife in the act of taking down the ear-pieces.

She took one ear-piece; he took the other.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo! Ah, 'sthat you, Virginia, me darlin'?" came Tommy's voice in tones which Mr. Furnival thought singularly sweet and angelic. "Ain't it awful, them Exchange people? It's no good a-writin' to 'em about it. I can't stop long, as I'm too busy; but there's one important thing I wornts t' arsk yer. 'Ave yer seen ole Furnie this mornin'?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?" replied Mrs. Furnival, again assuming Jenny's voice.

"Thank 'Evins! 'E ain't committed suicide, after all, then. D'yer know, Virginia, 'e was so glum all day yisterdy I shouldn't 'ave bin surprised if 'e 'ad, I wouldn't. 'E was glum; looked like a dyin' duck in a thunderstorm, 'e did. It's my private opinion 'e must 'ave 'ad a tiff with 'is missis. 'E's a funny ole kipper, is Furnie. I can nearly allus tell w'en somethink 'appens to 'im at 'ome, because 'e shows it so on 'is face. It 'ud be quite amusin' t' watch 'im, if it worn't so pitiful. 'E thinks too much of 'is missis, 'e does. Wot d'yer think I copped 'im a-doin' of yisterdy? W'y, a-kissin of 'er photergrarph enough t' wear an 'ole through it. I only discovered as 'ow it was 'er photergrarph yisterdy—— Eh, wot's that?"

Mrs. Furnival's emotions had come into conflict and produced a sound that was half a gulp and half a laugh. Mr. Furnival was very red in the face with suppressed jubilation.

"I was only laughing, Tommy," answered Mrs. Furnival, bestowing upon her husband a melting look, which he affected not to notice.

"Sounded somethink like 'ooping corf," Tommy responded. "Well, as I was a-sayin', I only discovered as 'ow it was 'er photergrarph yisterdy. And wot else d'yer think I found out? W'y, th' gal as ole Furnie sent that there bit o' jool'ry to, an' th' gal as I spotted 'im a-kissin' of in th' orfice are one and the very same person. Fancy me a-findin' that out almos' d'reckly after I bin a-talkin' about ole Furnie. O' course, that bein' as 'ow th' land lays, them things as I sed aginst 'im don't count."

Mrs. Furnival's disengaged hand had sought that of her husband, but he appeared unconscious of the affectionate pressure. Tommy's words had recalled two of the happiest moments of her life. And to think that she had entirely forgotten them!

"But ain't she 'andsome, eh?" continued Tommy. "She reminds me o' you, she does. Ole Furnie 'imself ain't a bad sort o' bloke, yer know. Yer could almos' call 'im 'andsome, too—that is, accordin' t' th' ole sayin' that 'andsome is as 'andsome does, for 'is face ain't much t' boast about. Takin' 'im all round, though, 'e ain't a bad feller, and if 'e ain't worth Mrs. Furnival, no one is. But I must away, Virginia, for if ole Furnie copped me a-wastin' o' me valu'ble time in this 'ere fashion me charnces of a rise, *which is consid'rably overdue*, would go up th' spout. Good-bye, me own precious. 'Ere's a kiss."

There was a sound like the hiss of a locomotive, followed by a chuckle, which was distinctly audible to Mr. Furnival, and Tommy was gone.

V.

Mr. Furnival was late at the office that morning. The farewell had been protracted. Mrs. Furnival had, with loving hands, helped him on with his overcoat, and a loving voice had insisted upon it being buttoned up to the chin in case he might catch cold. She had even suggested that a woollen comforter would not be amiss on such an awfully damp morning.

His footsteps along the office corridor were so springy that for once his clerks mistook them, and he caught them at an impromptu game of cricket with a round black ruler and a pen-wiper. But he only smiled pleasantly, being too self-absorbed to notice their disregard for work.

The note among the batch of correspondence that lay on his desk occupied his special attention. It was from Messrs. Walton & Sons, the jewellers, expressing regret that, owing to gross carelessness on the part of an assistant, the brooch which he had purchased from them had not been inclosed in the box delivered to him. A box containing the missing piece of jewellery accompanied the note.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later Tommy received a note from the cashier; it read: "Dear Budding,—I am directed by the manager to inform you that on and after Saturday next your wages will be fifteen shillings per week, instead of ten shillings as heretofore. The manager regrets that this recognition of your services should be so considerably overdue."

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MR. X—HIS PAGES.

Mr. X is sad. He realises acutely the disappointment so many of his friends will feel that they have not so far won any of the prizes offered in his pages. Mr. X wishes there was a prize for everybody. But that is impossible; the bank would not stand the strain! Mr. X has only one consoling hope—that, prize or no prize, readers will think his puzzles and his competitions sufficiently entertaining to justify the time they have devoted to them. By the way, Mr. X asks that every reader who wishes for an answer to any letter he may send, will inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

(Letters must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of Royal Magazine, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

A Match Catch.

Young: "Will you bet me two shillings you will say 'Matches' to three questions I ask you?"

Grey: "Done, old man. Fire away."

Young: "Well, put down the two bob and a box of matches. Now, where have you been to-day?"

Grey: "Matches."

Young: "How do you like this cold weather?"

Grey: "Matches."

Young: "Which will you have, old chap, if you win this bet, the two bob *or* the matches?"

Grey: "Matches."

Tableau.

A Dilemma.

Smith: "Have you given up swearing?"

Jones: "Yes."

Smith: "Oh, you used to swear then, did you?"

But if Jones says "No," Smith replies: "Ah, what a wicked person you are."

Rough on Jones.

Smith: "Oh, you've never found any difficulty in saying catchy sentences without getting muddled. I'll give you a teazer."

Jones: "I bet I can say it; try me."

Smith: "Repeat, 'What am I doing? very quickly a dozen times, and see if you can get through all right."

Jones (very quickly): "What am I doing? What am I doing? What am I doing?"

Smith (interrupting): "Making a fool of yourself, my dear fellow."

A Coin Problem.

Ask your friends how many threepenny-pieces can be placed on a half-crown so that none of the smaller coins project over the edge of the half-crown (of course, without piling). You will be surprised at the variety of the answers. In my experience they have ranged from three to fourteen, although five is perhaps the most popular. It is amusing to see the look of incredulity when you offer your victim a half-crown for each threepenny-piece there is room for *after the first.*

A Sensible Alphabet.

The following sentences comprise all the letters of the alphabet:

"*Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.*" (Thirty-two letters.)

"*The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.*" (Thirty-five letters.)

Does anyone know of a shorter or better sentence than these?

A prize of 5s. is offered for the best sentence of this kind which reaches Mr. X not later than May 20.

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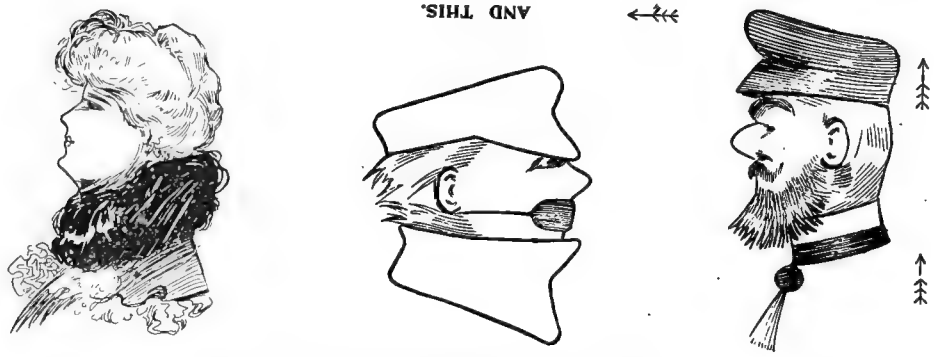

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES THIS WAY UP.

A prize of 5s. is offered for the cleverest illustration—not necessarily of a face—which also represents an object of some kind when held upside down. Sketches to reach Mr. X in envelopes, or on a postcard, marked "Reverse," by May 20.

Ask the Cashier.

A man cashed a cheque at the bank, and on his way home spent *2s. 6d.* out of the money he received. On arriving home he found that he had exactly twice as much as the amount of the cheque, the cashier having given him the number of pounds that he ought to have given him shillings, and *vice versâ*.

What was the amount of the cheque?

A Railway Puzzle.

There is a single railway track running north and south, and a siding running northwards off it; on the siding are seven trucks, but the engine which is attached to them is on the main line, there being no room for it on the siding. Then on the main line comes an engine and seven waggons from the north. How does this train run past the engine that is standing across the main line?

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS.

ALPHABETICAL SENTENCES (page 390).

Mr. X apologises for having given his readers such a puzzling task, and at the same time congratulates them on the way they have tackled it. To make a sentence of twenty-six words, the words beginning with the letters of the alphabet in their proper order, is no light matter. Nearly all the sentences sent in start splendidly, but become rather shaky when they reach the middle of the alphabet, and fizzle out with X Y Z in a most disappointing fashion. As a tip to those who are sufficiently interested to try again, Mr. X recommends that a sensible end to the sentence should be first obtained!

The winner of the Five Shilling prize is:

Miss L. Foster, The Grove, Haruingham, Attleborough.

Here are some of the best attempts which were sent in:

(1) "A Bibulous Character, Dining Extra Freely, Got Hurried Into Jail, Kicking Lustily! Meanwhile, Nine Officious Policemen Quietly Removing Shoes, Their Unfortunate Victim Was X-rayed, Yelling Zealously."

To Mr. X:

(2) "A Bright Companion Delights Every Fireside Gathering. His Innocent Jokes Keep Laughter Moving. Never Omit Purchasing Quickly ROYAL, Since Therein Undoubtedly Very Witty X Yields Zest."

(3) "A Brandy Consuming Drunken Engraver, Forever Getting Hopelessly Intoxicated, Jocularly Kissed Lovelorn Maidens Numberless. Observant Policeman Quite Rightly Seized This Unmitigated Vagabond, Whereupon Xylographer Yelled Zounds!"

MAGIC SQUARES (page 391).

A wonderful amount of ingenuity has been displayed in the two Word Square Competitions commenced in the February ROYAL. With so many splendid "squares" sent in, the awarding of the prizes was very difficult, but eventually the following were judged the winners:

The prize of Five Shillings goes to:

W. T. Irvine, 56, Corporation Street, Belfast.

The Prize of Ten Shillings for the biggest Magic Square goes to:

Wm. Fenwick, 22, Sanderson Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Here are some good squares with ROYAL as the centre word:

HAREM	MERIT	RARER	WORLD	GIRTS
ADORE	EBONY	ADORE	OBOLE	IVORY
ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL
ERASE	INANE	ERASE	LLAMA	TRAMP
MELEE	TYLER	RELET	DELAY	SYLPH

One competitor forwarded no fewer than seventy-four different squares of this kind!

Larger squares are much more difficult to construct—in fact, only two or three Seven-lettered Words are forthcoming, and none of Eight Letters. A Prize of One Pound (£1) is offered to the sender of the best Eight-lettered Square, to reach Mr. X before June 1st, 1903. No squares will be allowed unless all eight words are to be found in a recognised English Dictionary. We give some Six-lettered Squares:

YEOMAN EFFACE OFFICE MAILED ACCEDE NREDED	(Very neat. Note the use of the double letter.)
CIRCLE ICARUS RAREST CREATE LUSTRE ESTEEM	"How to square the Circle."

AMENDS	WASHES	MEAGRE	SOLVER	BEACON
MINION	ARTERY	EAGLES	ORIOLE	EUCHRE
ENABLE	STORMS	AGHAST	LINTEL	ACCENT
NIBBLE	HERMIT	GLANCE	VOTIVE	CHETAH
DOLLAR	ERMINE	RESCUE	ELEVEN	ORNATE
SNEERS	SYSTEM	ESTEEM	RELENT	NETHER

Here are two Seven-lettered Squares:

TARGETS	PALATED
AVERNAL	ANEMONE
REGATTA	LEVANTS
GRAVITY	AMASSES
ENTITLE	TONSURE
TATTLER	ENTERER
SLAYERS	DESSERT

As a curiosity we give an imperfect Eight-lettered Square. Every word is genuine with the exception of the sixth—Inchural.

PSALMIST
STRAINER
ARBUSCLE
LAUNCHES
MISCOUNT
INCHURAL
SELENATE
TRESTLES

We also give two other curiosities: A Three-lettered Square using only the three letters T E A, and a Four-lettered Square in which the letters of one set of diagonals are the same.

(1)		(2)	
TEA		HOME	
EAT		OMEN	
ATE		MEND	
		ENDS	

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION (page 491).

The traveller knew where he *came from* and he could therefore set up the signpost in its proper position.

TWO CONUNDRUMS (page 544).

(1) A Watch. (2) A Thorn.

TWO WORDS THAT PUZZLED QUEEN VICTORIA (page 544).

(1) Bayonet. (2) Betrayal.

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INA AND THE BROTHERS

A Story of Love, Jealousy, and the Final Tragedy.

By Ward Muir.

The Blauenstock funicular railway connects the village of Blauen, on the bank of Lake Lucerne, with the summit of the Blauenstock: an alp not great in size but nevertheless commanding a most magnificent view. The funicular is worked in the usual simple plan, by means of a rope. When one car descends, the other ascends. Consequently the cars can never be at the same terminus at once.

When the Blauenstock line was opened for traffic early one spring, two brothers, called respectively Kurt and Ludwig, were engaged as conductors. Their duties were light. Each had to stand on the platform in front of his car and control the brakes.

The car was scheduled to run every half-hour, and the journey occupied ten minutes; so Kurt and Ludwig had twenty minutes' respite at the end of each trip. Every time they passed *en route* (at the place where the rails were doubled) they exchanged a nod of greeting. In the evenings they were wont to go together to the inn at Blauen for a glass of beer, and whenever they obtained a holiday they made chamois-hunting expeditions in each other's company. Kurt and Ludwig were typical Swiss mountain giants, and the best of friends.

The tourist season began, and the two cars nearly always travelled full of people, one party being hoisted up from the lakeside steamer pier and the other party being lowered down to it. The tourists were—or were supposed to be—rich, and they were also supposed to be fond of purchasing bunches of flowers. This (purely imaginary) demand was supplied. Little Ina, with eyes of china-blue and two yellow pigtails hanging down her back, was sent from Lucerne town by her enterprising parents to sell edelweiss at the summit of the funicular.

Kurt and Ludwig, whose thoughts seemed almost wholly centred in their funicular and its workings, were much interested in the doings of Ina. She always took up her post close to the platform of the Blauenstock, where the car drew up, so that the conductor could enjoy a twenty minutes' chat with her at the close of each upward journey.

On the very first day of her arrival both the men discovered this fact. As time passed, it loomed larger and larger on their mental horizon.

The up-journey of the car became a thing to look forward to; the return journey a dreaded ordeal. For he who was travelling downwards from Ina's company had to endure the annoyance of seeing his rival inexorably drawn upwards towards that pleasure.

Every half-hour this cruel see-saw was enacted, and (though neither of the honest fellows could have explained this), the only time when both Ludwig and Kurt were really at ease was during the ten minutes when the cars were in motion; for then neither of them might be with Ina.

The brothers' evenings at the inn became more and more strained and silent. Neither dared to meet the other's gaze; each felt the weight of a guilty secret. They sat over

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their glasses of beer without speaking. Their hearts were full of smouldering hatred. It was not unmingled with grief for the days which were no more. Ina, with her basket of edelweiss, filled the mind of each. Love had dethroned Love.

Perhaps Ina was a flirt. At any rate, those china-blue eyes and red lips smiled impartially on both Kurt and Ludwig when one or other brought his car to a standstill at the top of the line. And as soon as the tourists had made their purchases and rushed off to inspect the view with the aid of the guide-book's sketch map, Ina came and talked till it was time for the car to make its descent, and for the other car to climb up once more.

Late in the autumn the tourist season began to slacken. Fewer and fewer were the passengers for Blauenstock. The mountain was often infolded in mist, behind which the view over the lake was completely hidden. The two cars crawled like phantoms up and down the gleaming rails. When they passed each other, Kurt and Ludwig stood with averted eyes. They had abandoned their friendly greeting long before the summer was over.

At last the end came. Sitting at their accustomed table in the inn, Ludwig suddenly said: "Which of us is to have her?" His voice vibrated with passion.

"Her? Whom do you mean?" asked Kurt, feigning surprise.

Ludwig leant forward with his elbows on the table. "You know quite well whom I mean," he growled.

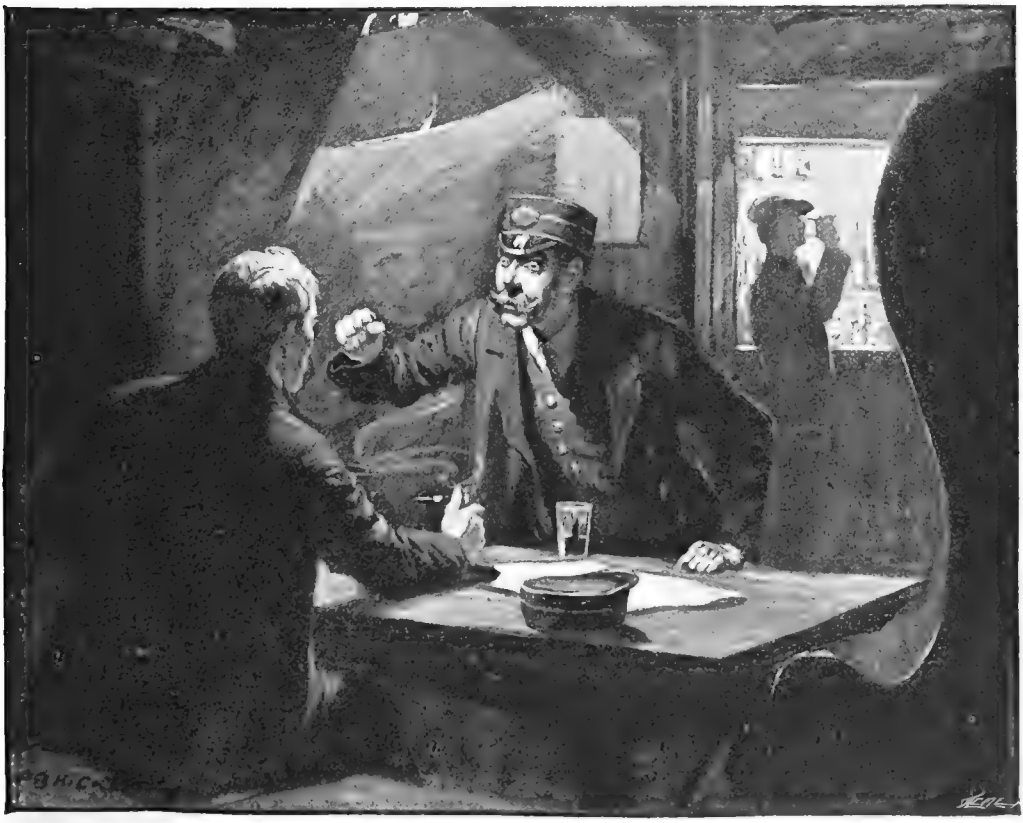
Kurt laughed. "Perhaps I do," he mocked.

"There's no 'perhaps' about it. I mean Ina."

"Oh, Ina? Ina is going to become my wife."

"Liar!" Ludwig shouted, leaping to his feet. "Liar! I will kill you first." He rushed from the house.

For a while he hurried away, he knew not whither. But presently his thoughts



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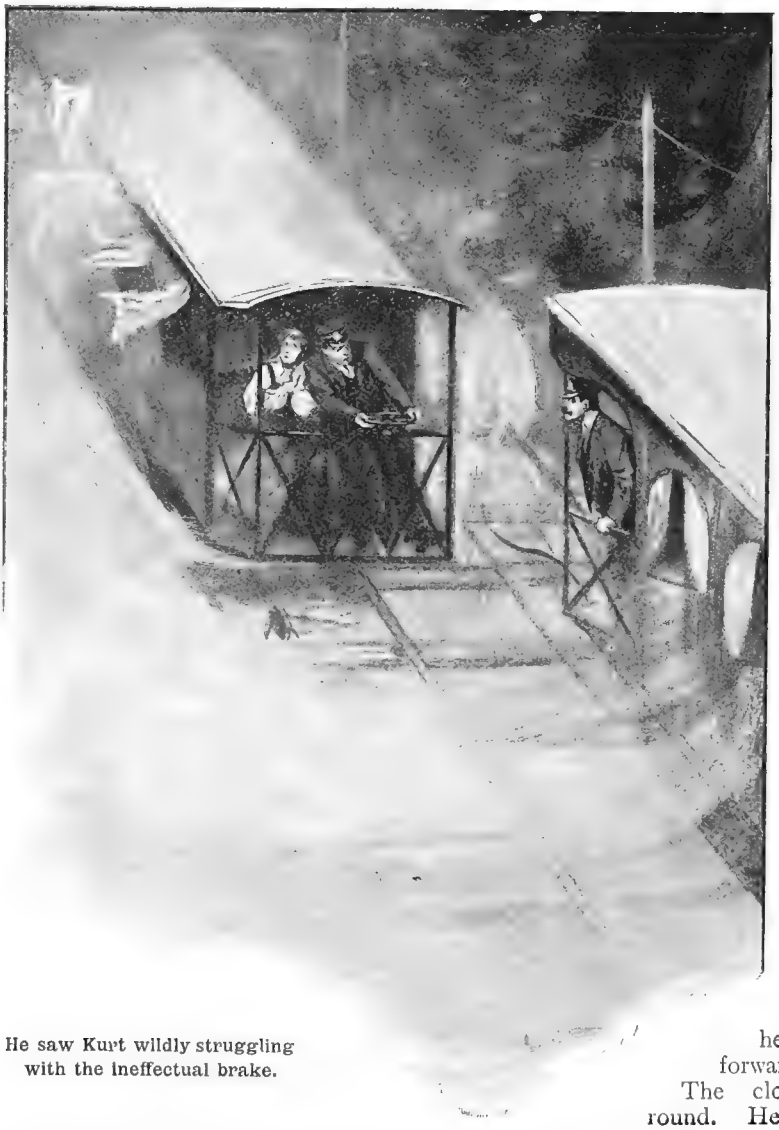

He saw Kurt wildly struggling with the ineffectual brake.

crystallised. He turned, and furtively took the road to the funicular terminus. All that night he worked—hammering and loosening and unscrewing—at something on Kurt's car. It was early dawn when he crept guiltily home.

Next day was again cloudy. The steamers brought no tourists, but the funicular ran punctually all the same. The brothers did not speak to each other. Ludwig had been the first at the top of the line, and found Ina there as usual. Her manner towards him appeared unchanged. He cunningly tried to make her speak of Kurt, but she gave no sign of interest. Ludwig's hopes rose high. It was agony to him to leave her and descend to Blauen, knowing that his brother was ascending at the same moment. Still, he started precisely to the minute.

The mist was thicker than ever, and Ludwig as he stood on his slowly-sliding platform felt as though he were sinking through a sea of white smoke. Half-way down, his brother's car suddenly swam into view. And as it passed, Kurt gaily waved his hand and laughed.

For an instant Ludwig's fingers clutched the brake-wheel. He was seized with an overpowering desire to stop the car and leap at his rival's throat. But the habit of mechanical obedience to the company's rules conquered him, and he glided steadlily forward.

The clouds wrapped him round. He did not see them now. His brother's laughing face rose before his eyes and blotted out all else. The thought that in a few minutes Kurt would reach Blauenstock and speak to Ina—perhaps even caress her—lashed him into madness.

When he arrived at the terminus at the bottom of the mountain, Ludwig, instead of waiting in the station as was his general custom, ran home and fetched his chamois-hunting rifle. He loaded it deliberately, and bringing it back placed it on the platform of his car. The light of murder smouldered in his eyes.

The clock pointed to the half-hour. It

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was time to start on the upward journey. Ludwig rang the electric signal-bell.

There was no response from the top. Ludwig rang again. Still no reply. He gnashed his teeth in helpless rage. He pictured Kurt at the Blauenstock dallying with Ina. His slow Swiss blood began to boil with fury.

It was five minutes past the half-hour. He rang once more. This time the wire responded. The rope quivered and the car started.

"At last," Ludwig muttered into his big moustache; "he has bade her good-bye—at last. Yes, Kurt is ready."

The car steadily climbed upward through the banks of fog. One—two—three—four minutes passed. The wheels clicked on the points at the entrance to the double line where the two cars passed. So dense grew the clouds that nothing was visible of Kurt.

"Now," Ludwig said, "now is the time."

Swiftly he caught up his rifle. He raised it to his shoulder and aimed at the funiculaire rope. Ludwig was champion shot of the Canton, and the rope lay not six feet distant. There was no chance of a miss. Even as he looked along the barrel he smiled.

He pulled the trigger. There was a flash in the fog. The rope quivered violently. The bullet had passed straight through it.

The penetrating power of a sporting rifle ball travelling at full velocity is enormous. A clean hole had been drilled in the wire strands of the rope, though this still remained unsevered.

Ludwig dropped his gun. "And now for Kurt," he cried exultingly.

He seized the brake-wheel and whirled it round. The brake-clamps gripped the rails. The car stopped dead.

For an instant the rope became as taut as a piano wire, and groaned under the strain.

Then it snapped, at the bullet-hole. There was a report like a pistol shot, and the frayed end jerked up the mountain out of sight into the mist.

At the same instant a roar rose on the air. It was the descending car, which, of course, was cast loose. Ludwig had foreseen that Kurt would be unprepared for the catastrophe, and unable to apply the brakes in time. As for the automatic brake—he had tampered with its mechanism last night. It was useless.

Kurt was even more unprepared than Ludwig expected; for he had persuaded Ina to come down with him, and his hand, instead of being ready on the brake-wheel, was round her waist.

Like a tornado the car swept down the incline. For a fraction of a second Ludwig caught a glimpse of it as it whirled past. He saw Kurt wildly struggling with the ineffective brake. He saw, too, an agonised pair of china-blue eyes opened wide in horror.

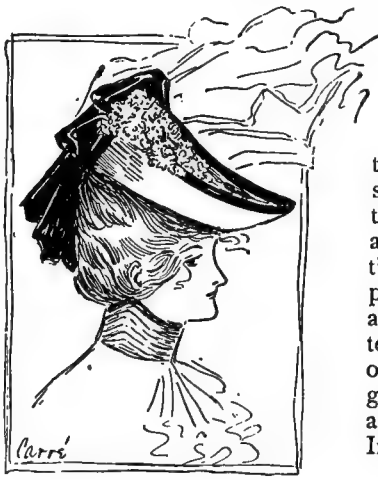
Ludwig stood petrified on his little platform. Far in the invisible depths beneath him he heard the dreadful crash of the other car's impact with the station terminus at the bottom. Still he stood motionless.

Presently he spoke, in a curiously low, even voice:

"She was on the car. She was on the car. I have killed Ina."

Quite mechanically and calmly he turned to his brake wheel and unchecked it. The grips came off the rails.

And Ludwig's car, loosened from its hold, flashed down the line and broke itself to atoms on the wreck of the one which had preceded it.



* * *

Had there been any tourists on the Blauenstock railway at the time, the disaster would have attracted world-wide attention. As it was, a few short paragraphs were all that appeared in the papers to tell of the tragic accident on the funiculaire. Nobody guessed the story of Kurt and Ludwig and blue-eyed Ina.

FASHION AND FICTION

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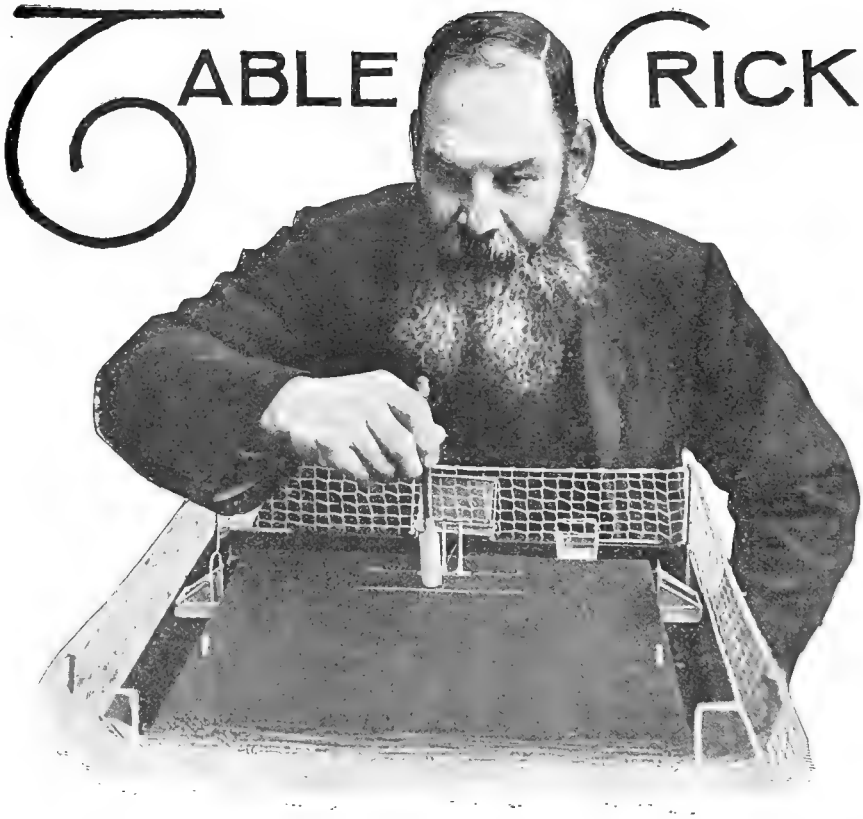
TABLE CRICKET



Dr. W. G. Grace, the most famous cricketer the world has seen, is a great authority on table cricket; he is here seen wielding the bat.

A Game that Bids Fair to Become as Popular as Ping-Pong.

By Stanley White.

Table Cricket has, at last, found an inventor.

People were saying that much was to be expected of this new game, when the matter was definitely set at rest on its becoming known that no less an authority than Dr. Grace had seen, handled, and played it, and, finding that it was good, made it still better by numerous ingenious additions and improvements of his own.

Knowing from personal experience how coy the Doctor is with interviewers, I thought the best form an interview could take would be a game of Table Cricket. Mr. A. Weintraud, the inventor, having brought the Doctor to see the idea in the same light, in due course I found myself in a private room of a city warehouse.

Seated at the head of a medium-sized table was the Doctor, in front of him an oblong board covered with green cloth, some four feet in length by three wide. At each end three small stumps were set into the board, and dotted round the field were some eight or nine odd little fielders of gauze and wire.

I took careful note of my great opponent's position as he took centre. The bat was eight inches long, of peculiar shape, about two-thirds handle to one-third bat. It is used in a back-handed fashion, as if one were playing the left-handed game. The Doctor held it quite perpendicularly, between the thumb and fore-finger with some little support from the second finger; in fact, except for the angle, pretty much in the same way as the average person handles a pen.

At the bowling end I found myself in sole charge of an elaborate machinery consisting of a two-inch powerful coil spring mounted

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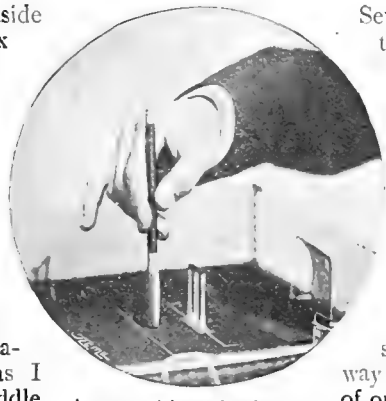
on a wooden block. Outside the board was a slide six inches in length over which the block ran easily, thus allowing the spring catapult to be shifted three inches from the centre, to right or left, thus enabling the bowler to bowl over or round the wicket at his end of the board.

On the top of the wire coil was a little ring into which I placed a small gutta-percha ball and let fly, as I thought, dead on the middle stump. This ball did not go far, but collided violently with the stumps set at the bowler's end, partly for ornament's sake, and partly, no doubt, to exact an extra amount of skill on the part of the bowler when delivering from behind the wicket.



At table cricket, when batting keep a straight bat; this is the golden rule and will get you runs.

Having learnt that this loss-shot meant a run for the Doctor I reserved centre balls till a more convenient season, and took up a position a couple of inches to the right of the wicket.

I was soon to find that the little catapult required handling with considerable skill, for the next ball was a full pitch and went clean over the batsman's head. Mr. Weintraud obligingly recovered it from a remote corner of the room, for which service the Doctor claimed four runs. This forfeit, I was told, would be inflicted as often as I repeated the offence of bowling off the table.

The next ball cost me another run, though, happily, it was nearer the mark. It flew up the green like lightning, just missing a small screen placed behind the wicket to act as a wicket-keeper. Striking the net it gently rebounded into a gutter or channel which ran below the green course between it and the netting.

I was surprised to see the ball I had just delivered trickle out through a hole into a little cup placed there to receive it, which I had not previously noticed. It appeared that this channel was so skilfully graded that every ball infallibly finds its way back to the sender, of its own accord.

Bowling is achieved by means of a spring so arranged that the bowler can bowl over or round the wicket. First attempts generally send the ball flying off the table.

Several more balls went past the wicket-keeper costing me as many runs, the Doctor thereby accumulating quite a nice little total in wides counted as runs. The tenth ball was dead on the wicket and was driven over the net for four.

Down went another ball, a rather tricky short-pitched one, which the Doctor just managed to snick into the slips. On its way to the net it grazed the top of one of those odd cage-looking fielders. "Rather a near thing, Doctor!" ejaculated Mr. Weintraud.

"What was a near thing?" said I.

"Why, you nearly had the Doctor caught at slip."

"Caught at slip!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that that thing can catch a ball?"

"Oh, won't it? Wait and see!" was the reply.

A succession of all kinds of balls followed, Yorkers, good length, and long hops. Some were driven back to the bowling end for four, others scored one, two, or three, according as the ball fell into the channel before the first, second, or third steel marker.

Then a slow ball dropping temptingly on the offside was sent for two, but it fell into the lap of the mid-fielder, who retained it like a vice, and the Doctor was not only out, but by rule 7 was not entitled to any runs for the fatal stroke. Exultingly I reached forth my hand for the bat, thinking that at last my turn had come. But I was to learn that the game was only beginning. The Doctor had still nine wickets to fall—it being usual, when only two are playing, for the batsman to stay at the wicket until out ten times.

The remaining wickets fell much more rapidly, for the ball kept near the mark most of the time. The Doctor scored fast, but was caught out often. The two fielders at the bowler's end were very deadly, and more than once took a wicket and, of course, at the same time

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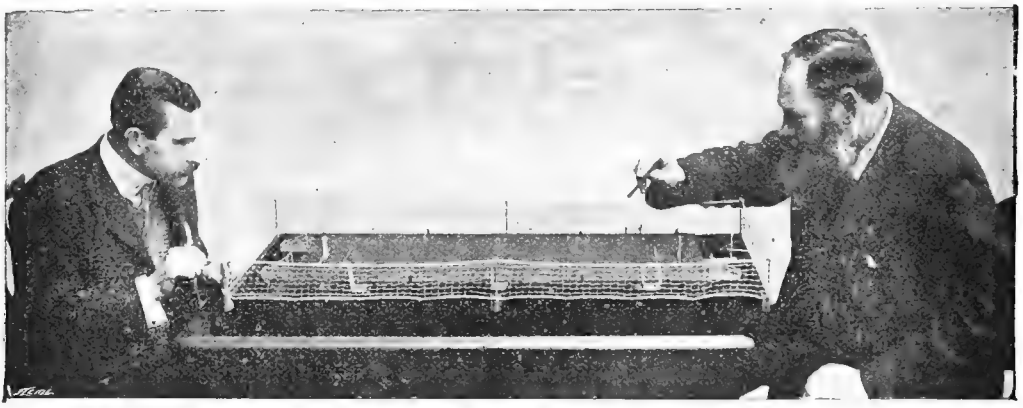

This curious incident happened to Dr. Grace the other day. In playing forward, he missed the ball, which bounced on to his wicket and lodged in the top!

nipped in the bud a boundary stroke for four. The innings closed for one hundred and forty-five.

Over my own batting performance I will draw a veil. I averaged just three runs per wicket—about a third of the score of a fairly good player. I got out in every conceivable way—was caught at slip and at mid wicket, twice I knocked the bails off with my cuff, and was once detected in wilfully striking the ball a second time for a purpose other than that of defending my wicket; in fact, with the furtive intent to add a pair of badly needed runs to my meagre total.

Certainly, it was shameful to be found out in so shady a transaction, but the mere fact of being beaten was an honour, for who would not rather be vanquished by Grace than be victorious over a lesser man?

In bowling it has been found possible to put a very formidable break on the ball. This is done by giving the spring catapult a half turn in the socket. Then, instead of pulling straight back as in ordinary bowling, the spring should be bent sideways. Thus the ball is made to strike at the side of the wicket instead of immediately in front of it, and if the shot is properly judged, the ball takes a sharp angle in the direction of the stumps, in a very disconcerting manner for the batsman. The spring catapult can, of course, be turned to right or left, the breaks being made at either side of the wicket accordingly. Considerable practice is necessary to make a good break bowler, and there is much room for individual cleverness. A good man is able to put on breaks at almost every conceivable angle, and the standard of batting is naturally proportionately raised.

The Doctor takes quite a boyish delight in the new game, and his sons and other well-known cricketers are no less enthusiastic.

"W. G." at the wicket with Mr. G. W. Beldam, the Middlesex Amateur, bowling. The Doctor has just stopped a curly one.

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THE WONDERFUL WOOING OF WO.

(*From the Chinese.*)

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Wo—Lo Wo—was an artist in bronze; such a clever young fellow that, if you gave him a lump of clay, he would make a likeness of you in two minutes that would be more natural than your own reflection in a mirror. And a fine-looking young fellow he was, too!—quite the handsomest man in all Tong-Tang.

There was only one thing against him—one thing to prevent him marrying any girl in Tong-Tang that he had set his heart upon. He was poorer than a church mouse. So pity Lo Wo, for he lost his heart nearly every day of his life, and nearly every parent in the town had refused to have him as a son-in-law. But ask the girls' opinions, and they would tell you that Lo Wo was the most adorable fellow within a thousand miles; not a girl in Tong-Tang but was in love with the poor artist in bronze.

And no girl loved him more truly than Bu Tee, who was the daughter of a very great man, Hang Ho, who was a sort of magistrate, and very fond of having people's heads cut off. On this account Lo Wo had never approached her father to ask for her hand.

Now one fine day the great Hang Ho commissioned the poor artist in bronze to make statues of himself and of his crusty old father, Fo To. "For," said he, "as I wish my little girl Bu Tee to make a very grand marriage, it is well to let the world know that she can trace her ancestry back at least two generations on her father's side."

Lo Wo was delighted to receive the commission. His instructions were very simple—to bring out all the best features of Hang Ho and his father, and to leave out all the worst features. Especially was he to give their faces the most benign and beatific expressions within his power.

"Undoubtedly, this is a very good thing for me," said Lo Wo. "It will certainly bring me many future orders, and it may give me a chance to see the beautiful Bu Tee."

Punctually at the appointed time—twelve o'clock the next morning—Lo Wo presented himself at Hang Ho's house, for the first sitting. As he passed up the avenue of cherry trees, who should he see but Bu Tee herself, sitting beside a pond, busily engaged in spearing gold-fish with a hair pin a foot in length—a favourite way of passing the time with Bu Tee.

"May the morning dew-drops become diamonds for your wearing," exclaimed Lo Wo most politely. "Oh, beautiful Bu Tee, I love you better than any girl in Tong-Tang."

"If that indeed be so," said Bu Tee, pouting, "why is it that you never ask my father for my hand?" And she speared vigorously at a wriggling gold fish.

At this question Lo Wo made a grimace, and passed his finger round his neck.

"Oh, Bu Tee, if I were so to presume, son of a dog that I am, your venerable father would soon find an excuse to cut off my head. But though I dare not ask for your hand, Bu Tee, I ask you to believe that I love you very dearly," and the bold fellow stooped and kissed Bu Tee on her cherry-ripe lips, and went on his way to the house.

Ushered into the study of Hang Ho, he found the magistrate and his old father eagerly waiting to begin sitting for their

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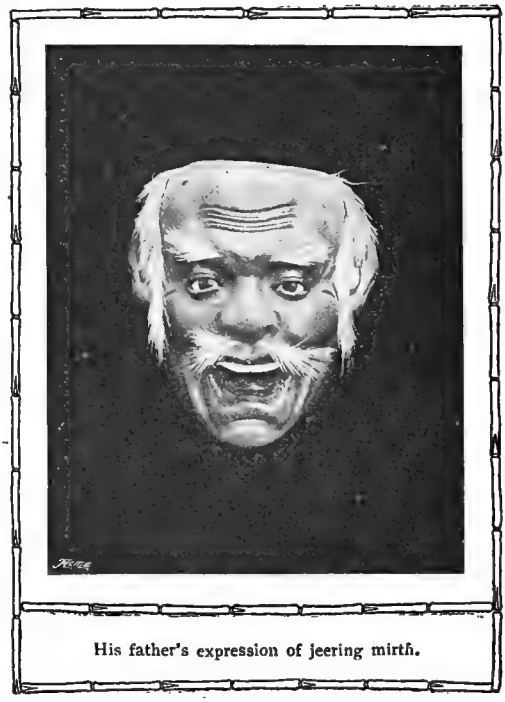
Hang Ho's dagger-looking expression.



His father's expression of jeering mirth.

statues. After bowing to the ground before their venerable figures, Lo Wo begged them to take up positions where the light would fall upon them to the best advantage, and began to set out on a little table the instruments of his craft, consisting chiefly of a great lump of clay, from which he intended to model the first designs for the statue, and a goodly supply of glass eyes and tufts of false hair, which he carefully arranged before him.

And whilst he was thus making all things ready he was thinking of Bu Tee, for Bu Tee's kiss had made a very deep impression upon his amorous heart. He knew that he was more madly in love than ever before. He determined, then and there, to screw up his courage to ask Hang Ho for his daughter's hand in marriage (he had asked so many fathers for their daughter's hands that he was quite used to this kind of thing). But this time he did not mean to be refused.

"But I must be careful," he thought to himself as he began to knead two lumps of clay into the shape of the two heads before him, "or Hang Ho will soon find an excuse to cut my head off. If only I was as rich as I am clever, if only I could turn my skill as a sculptor into a weapon, then indeed I should have the upper hand. Kindly turn your head a little more to the light, reverend Hang Ho," and musing thus he set to work. Then suddenly a great inspiration came to him.

He worked on in silence for a while. When he had made the two lumps of clay quite ready to have expressions put in—when Hang Ho and his father had reduced their faces to the most benign and beatific appearance possible (under the circumstances)—Lo Wo calmly remarked:

"I chanced to see your adorable daughter, reverend Hang Ho, as I passed up your avenue of cherry trees. On my word! she made a lovely picture as she sat fishing. It has made a deep impression on my heart."

At these bold words instantly the benign expressions on the faces of Hang Ho and his father underwent a great change. Hang Ho looked daggers at the impudent bronze-worker, while his father burst out into a loud mocking laugh.

Immediately, with half-a-dozen deft touches of his hands, Lo Wo recorded their new expressions on the two blank lumps of clay—Hang Ho's dagger-looking expression, his father's expression of jeering mirth. It was but the work of a moment to fasten in place a few tufts of hair and to slip into their places two

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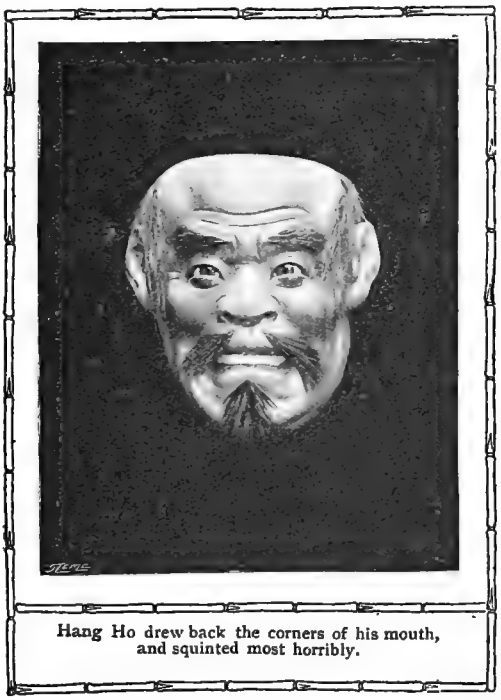

Hang Ho drew back the corners of his mouth, and squinted most horribly.

Fo To vainly trying to preserve his benign expression.

pairs of glass eyes, and the expressionless lumps of clay were transformed into speaking portraits of Hang Ho and his father, as they appeared at the moment when Lo Wo had made his impudent remark.

"Penniless son of a jackass!" roared Hang Ho, when he recovered his voice, "how dare you so much as look at my little girl, Bu Tee? She is not for such as you to admire, Lo Wo—for let me tell you, impudent fellow, she is destined for a very great marriage indeed."

"Ha, ha, ha," roared Fo To, the grandfather, "you think yourself good enough for Bu Tee, you miserable hair-brained rabbit!" and he laughed loud and long.

But Lo Wo paid no attention to these words. Having completed his likeness of the two old gentlemen in their wrath, he quietly slipped the two clay faces on the floor, hid them beneath a dust-sheet, and pounded two fresh lumps of clay into shape.

"Reverend gentlemen," he said calmly, "you have completely ruined my first attempts by so suddenly changing your expressions. If you will kindly cause your delightful features to resume again a benign and beatific expression, I will make a second attempt."

With difficulty the two old gentlemen, not wishing to have their statues ruined, swallowed their wrath, and calmed their faces. Lo Wo resumed work on the new lumps of clay. After a while he said:

"I feel it my duty, venerable Hang Ho, to respectfully inform you that I love your adorable daughter, Bu Tee."

Again, as suddenly as before, the benign expressions fled from the two old gentlemen's faces. Hang Ho drew back the corners of his mouth, wrinkled his brow, squinted most horribly, his countenance expressing intense annoyance, while it was ludicrous to see old Fo To, the grandfather, vainly trying to preserve his benign expression, lest he should spoil his statue, while he struggled with overpowering mirth.

And immediately, as before, Lo Wo recorded their new expressions on the two blank lumps of clay—Hang Ho's expression of annoyance, his father's expression of mirth suppressed. In a moment he had fastened tufts of hair in the right places, had fixed the glass eyes—and there were two fresh portraits of Hang Ho and his father, in their wrath and their mirth, to be placed alongside the others beneath the dust-sheet.

"Thou brick-brained son of a camel," roared Hang Ho, "I will give thee a million kicks if thou mentionest my daughter's name

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"You shall hang for this," roared Hang Ho.

"You shall be tortured," screamed To Fo.

again with thy profane breath. She is not for thee, I tell thee," and he swore horribly.

"Did'st think she was, thou brother of a wild goat?" exclaimed Fo To, the grandfather.

But Lo Wo was calmly pounding two fresh lumps of clay into shape. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, be calm, I pray you," he said, soothingly. "You have ruined my second attempt by changing your expressions, and I beg you to restore your features to their usually delightful tranquility and benignity whilst I make a third attempt."

Remembering again the importance of looking their best whilst Lo Wo made their statues, the old gentlemen swallowed hard, and sat quite calmly, though inwardly they seethed like volcanoes about to erupt, whilst Lo Wo set to work again. When the new lumps of clay were all ready to have the expressions put in, he said:

"Reverend Hang Ho, I most earnestly beg you to give me your lovely daughter's hand in marriage."

Then the volcanoes erupted in earnest! The most horrible looks imaginable came over the faces of Hang Ho and his father, and Lo Wo lost no time in recording their expressions on the clay.

"You shall die for this," roared Hang Ho.

"You shall be tortured, you silly grasshopper," screamed old Fo To, too much in earnest even to laugh derisively.

But Lo Wo said, "At least let me finish my work before you kill me," and calmly put away the third pair of heads beneath the dust sheet, and began to knead fresh lumps of clay into shape. "Gentlemen," went on Lo Wo, "I implore you to keep calm and to renew your benign expressions whilst I make my fourth attempt."

Yet again Hang Ho and his old father did their best to bottle up their wrath whilst Lo Wo set to work. Their faces were quite calm and pleasant when Lo Wo said:

"And now, oh venerable Hang Ho, now that we have settled the matter of my marriage with your daughter Bu Tee so satisfactorily, all that remains is for Bu Tee's rich and honourable grandfather to state what *dot* he is prepared to settle upon her."

This was altogether too much for Hang Ho and Fo To. Their benign expressions gave way to looks of the most demoniacal fury; they opened their mouths but no words came from them; they could only stare, speechless, at the insolent sculptor, *who instantly recorded their expressions on the fourth pair of clay heads.* He had just put the last tuft of white hair on the clay head

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of Fo To and some unnecessary hair to his chin which he added in his haste, when the two infuriated fathers sprang at him like tigers, shrieking: "Son of a wolf, we will slay thee on the spot!"

Now Lo Wo was as strong as he was brave, and drove them before him back to their seats.

"Now pray calm yourselves, gentlemen, and listen to what I have to say," he said. "Not a word until I have finished speaking. And look here."

He stooped to the floor and picked up the pairs of clay heads that he had placed beneath the dust-sheet. He set the eight heads out in a long row before the old gentlemen. "Look," he said, "and see what beautiful, what calm, what benign expressions were upon your faces when I made these models."

When Hang Ho and Fo To saw what expressions Lo Wo had given them their eyes almost dropped from their heads. Lo Wo bade them keep calm, say not a word, and listen attentively.

"Venerable sirs," he went on, "mark and attend to this: Unless you, Hang Ho, promise now to give me the beautiful Bu Tee in marriage, and unless you, Fo To, promise now to give us a house to live in and a sufficiency of house-keeping money to last us all our lives, this is what will befall: These clay heads shall be cast in bronze, five hundred copies shall be made of them, they shall be circulated far and wide through the town of Tong-Tang, and this legend shall be inscribed in large letters beneath each head:

"STUDIES OF THE EXPRESSIONS OF THE FACES OF THE HONOURABLE HANG HO AND HIS HONOURABLE FATHER FO TO, WHILST THEY WATCH THEIR GUESTS DEVOUR A FEAST.

"Now venerable Hang Ho," Lo Wo's voice was as stern as a judge's, "will or will you not give me your beautiful daughter Bu Tee in marriage? and will you venerable Fo To, or will you not, provide, from your wealth, the beautiful Bu Tee with a house and a *dot*?

Hang Ho and To Fo looked each other in the eyes; they looked at the stern face of Lo Wo; they looked at the row of horrible heads, and do you wonder that they said: "Yea, yea, take Bu Tee, she is yours, with a house and a big *dot*, only destroy those awful heads!"

"Summon Bu Tee," said Lo Wo. Bu Tee was summoned, and came on the instant.

"Beauteous Bu Tee," quoth Lo Wo, "thy venerable father and grandfather have given me thy hand in marriage—wilt thou take me?"

Very shy and charming looked Bu Tee as she said: "Yes."

Their benign expressions gave way to looks——

——of the most demoniacal fury.

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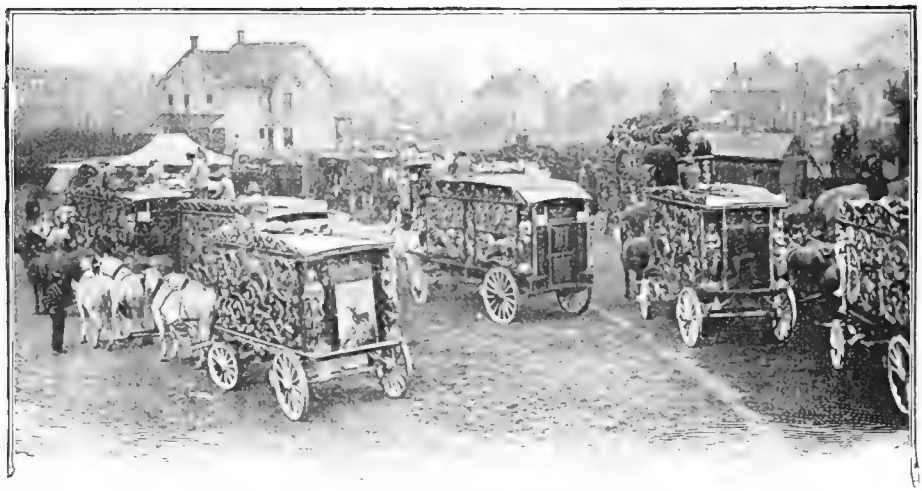

The start of the circus parade: this goes round the town before the performance, and is considered the best possible advertisement of the show.

HOW A CIRCUS IS RUN.

The Romance, the Everyday Life, the Work, the Play, and the Picturesqueness of a Big Circus.

By George Western.

Outside the little village is a big field of many acres. Here are a few cows scattered, and a few horses lazily browsing on the short grass. Here, too, there may be a donkey, munching the thistles, or a goat tethered by a long cord. A pond is in the corner of the field, with a duck and her bevy of ducklings. One sees such a field, or rather, let us say, a hundred such fields everywhere, in every village and small town. They are the symbol of country life, far from cities and the broils of man.

But one day all is changed. The peaceful cows are driven away to another pasture; the horses change their quarters, the donkey and the goat follow their example, and, perhaps, the duck and her young flee from the spot. There is a bustle and noise. Men ride up on horses, and men drive up in carts. Big vans jolt across the grass, and are brought to a standstill in the middle, where they "outspan," as the South Africans say. Soon there rises a little town of canvas. A great central tent springs into being, with a crowd of small tents all round it.

In the village, too, everything is changed. The quiet villagers are standing about in groups in the main street, gazing at big gaudily-coloured posters stuck up on every wall. The children run to the big field to see what is going on. The quiet of the country is rudely awakened by the roaring of lions, the shrill trumpeting of huge elephants, the cries of chattering monkeys and strange foreign birds, the cracking of whips, the shouting of men—in fact, the thousand and one noises that are part and parcel of the life of a great circus.

Training a horse to carry an acrobatic rider.

It is not contradictory to say of the circus that no institution in the world is so well known and so little understood. We all know the outward and visible signs of the circus, the caravans, the performing animals, the acrobats, clown, and the indispensable band. We have known them from childhood, when we clung to our chairs and screamed with terror at the giant, and

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Hump-backed artistes of a great circus—dromedaries, in other words.

again screamed with joy at the fun of the clown.

All this we know well. But it is of the other side of the circus that we know nothing, the inner side, the working side. This is where the manager comes in. For the immense organisation that enables the circus to run smoothly on well-oiled wheels, that admits of no unforeseen catastrophes, and no hitches, is, if one comes to think of it, far more wonderful than all the acrobats, the performing animals, and the uncanny curiosities rolled into one.

"But this is merely the work of the business manager of any ordinary theatre on a larger scale," you may say. It is that, and a great deal more, for you must remember that I am speaking of a travelling circus, not a stationary one, where the work is comparatively simple. In a travelling circus the work is doubled—more, it is trebled—and the proprietor, if he would make his circus pay, must needs be a man with his wits about him, and ready for use, so that he may bring them into action at a moment's notice.

The proprietor notes the various towns and villages to be visited, and decides how many days shall be spent at each. There are a host of advance agents to be sent out, who will make the necessary arrangements for accommodation, who will engage the field for the show, and make arrangements to supply the needs of the circus.

The agents will report to the manager on the population, their habits and customs, so that a suitable programme may be arranged. You must understand that in a stationary circus the audiences are always the same—drawn from the same neighbourhood, that is to say. Hence the performances may be run, roughly, on the same lines. But on tour, when the towns to be visited are anything from two to two hundred miles apart, and the inhabitants of one town may be miners or cotton-spinners, their tastes will be considerably different from those of a village of farmers and agriculturists. The agents, too, will report to the manager on the financial state of the towns, whether in their opinion the circus will draw good houses, and for

An important business—cooking for the entire body of performers and workmen of a circus.

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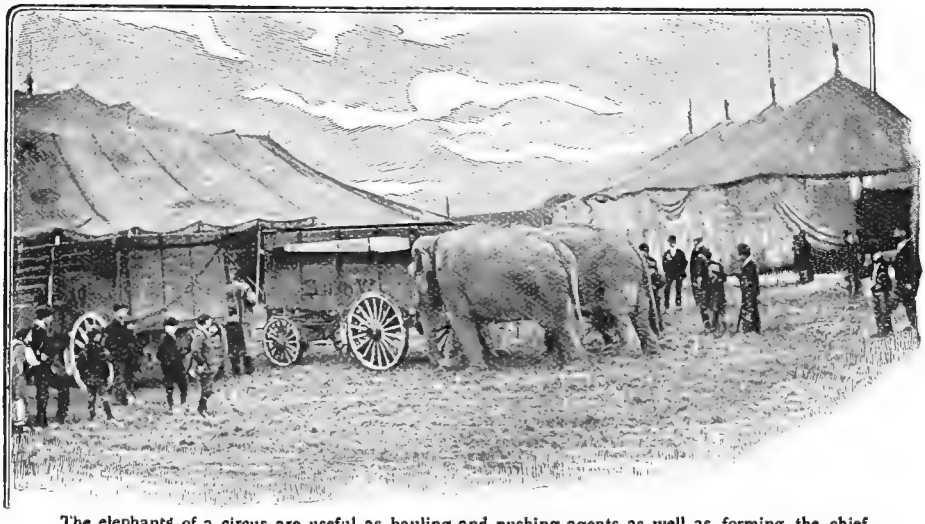

The elephants of a circus are useful as hauling and pushing agents as well as forming the chief attraction of the performance.

how many nights it will be advisable to stay.

So much for the advance agents. Let us think of the duties of some of the other officials. There is the press agent. He is also the advertisement manager. It is his duty to insert advertisements in the papers, to arrange for the coloured posters, the joy of the farm hands, and keep the name of the circus well before the public eye.

The amount of his work may be gauged when one hears that a big circus has as many as seventy different posters in use at a time. A good deal of his work is done in the winter, when it is too cold and wet to perform in an airy tent. In the winter, by the way, a great many travelling circuses have a permanent hall in some town, so that their show may be kept going all the year round.

There is a railway contracting agent, whose duties are defined by his name. Then the treasurer, the financial secretary of the circus, with his host of book-keepers, is no inconsiderable officer. An army of clerks, typists and such, make up the clerical staff who are hard at work in the slack season, the winter, getting ready for the summer tour. All these officials are under the general business manager, and are quite separate from the performing staff of the circus.

The work of choosing the route is entirely undertaken by the proprietor, and is in the hands of no one else. The towns to be visited are carefully considered and discussed.

The crowd coming into the circus and wandering round the booths and caravans before entering the big tent.

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The elephants performing—they, as a rule, enjoy their antics as much as the spectators.

Then the agents are sent out, to keep six or seven weeks in advance of the show throughout the season.

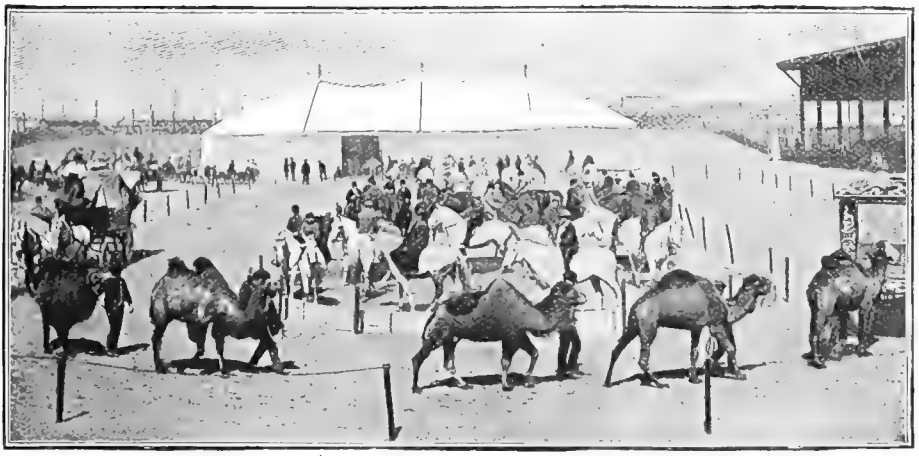
It is now that the winter toils of the advertisement and press manager bear fruit. About three weeks before the show is timed to appear the town is electrified by a huge waggon drawn by many horses, which scatters posters galore over every wall and hoarding that can be found for miles around.

The railway stations are smothered in bills and posters, and small pamphlets are left at every house, supplying thrilling literature for the younger members of the families for some time to come. These huge posters of gaudy colours are the immense delight of the country people, who think the circus quite the most delightful of entertainments.

Next week comes another advertising waggon. This one carries a new store of posters, to replace those damaged by the wind and the rain. More boards are covered, and more pamphlets are distributed to more admiring young people, telling of more wonders and glories that will be in their midst in a fortnight.

Another week comes, and with it a third waggon, bearing a collection of posters of different design to the last ones. Old weather-beaten bills are replaced by new ones, and fresh pamphlets delivered to be read as eagerly as the last.

Next week comes the agent, final



A few artistes of the circus staff of performers.

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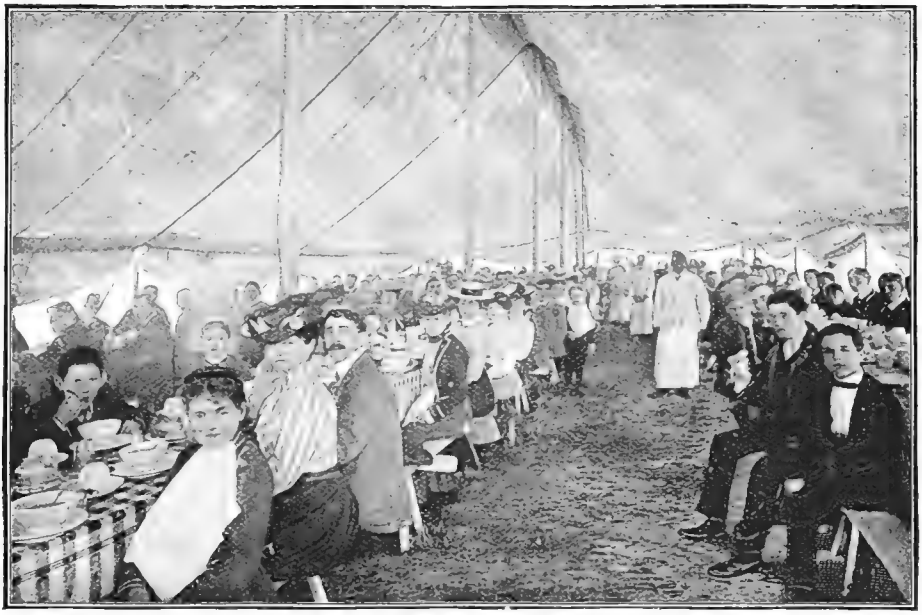

The circus staff dining together in the big tent.

arrangements are made, and on the following day, at about five in the morning, comes the circus itself, with its three trains of long vans. First to arrive are the working staff, men and horses, with tents and all necessary apparatus. The ground is reached, and soon there springs up a huge tent, held secure by hundreds of strong ropes fixed on to hundreds of stakes, driven in by a horde of workmen as fast as they can wield their mallets.

Meanwhile the cooking waggons have been unloaded, fires and stoves have been lit, and by eight o'clock a substantial breakfast of good fresh food is ready for the whole company, who have, by this time, arrived at the field where the tents are being got up. Breakfast over, preparations are made for the parade.

This is the most important function of the day, barring the performance itself, and is worth as much from an advertising point of view as all the posters put together. Everyone, excepting the officials and perhaps a very great star, must turn up on the parade; in fact, the men who are at work putting up the seats and tents are, with the above-mentioned officials, the only absentees.

The parade does not last long, though the spectators would like to have a good deal more of it, and certainly to the little ones it is a paradise of bliss, and one that they can talk of all their lives as a vision of wonder and amazement.

After the parade, there is rest for all until dinner time, and then the doors are open, the money is taken, and the circus begins. Of the performance it is quite unnecessary to speak—we all know it so well. The machine-like regularity with which the various turns are carried out, and the perfect smoothness, tell of the Spartan discipline that obtains behind.

The grizzly bear and his keeper.

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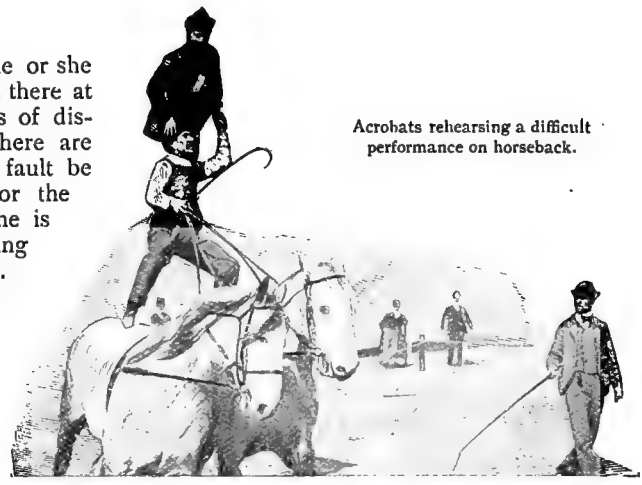


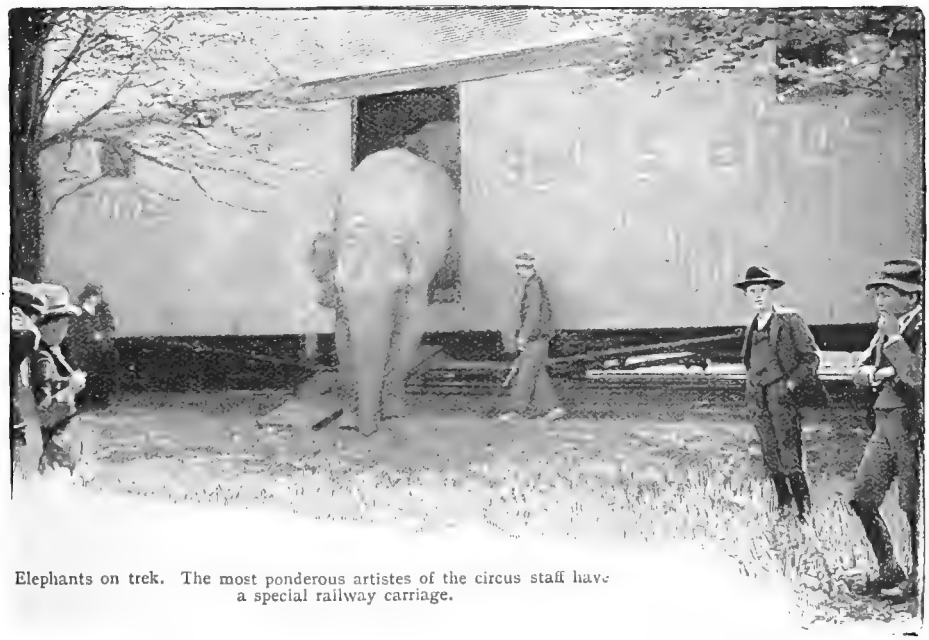
Acrobats rehearsing a difficult performance on horseback.

Everyone knows the time that he or she is due in the arena, and everyone is there at the appointed time. For breaches of discipline, lateness, or other faults, there are punishments of fines, and, if the fault be serious, there will be dismissal for the culprit. This strictness of discipline is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the circus and of the inmates. Everything is done for the good of all, and the staff cannot grumble at their treatment at the hands of the kindly proprietor.

When the afternoon performance is concluded, there is a rest for the performers, with the exception of those who run the side shows, which are still a popular feature. An early dinner or supper is very welcome after the hard labours. Then follow the preparations for the evening show.

The work of demolishing the booths, and the transportation of them to the trains, is generally begun as soon as the evening performance begins. The smaller tents are taken down, then the menagerie is emptied, and its big inhabitants are carted off to the station. By the time the performance is finished, everything is packed up, save the "big top," as the great central tent is called, which is soon cleared away. A general move of all the artistes and officials is made to the train, and away they steam to the next stopping-place, where the agent is waiting for them with all preparations made for another successful show.

At the beginning of the tour each of the members of the staff is assigned to a berth in one of the big Pulman cars, and to this berth he or she sticks throughout. These carriages are the property of the circus, and so the railways have merely to provide the means of locomotion. At midnight the doors of the carriages are locked and everyone must be in bed, save, of course, those whose duty it is to look after the train. For each carriage there is a porter, and washing and such



Elephants on trek. The most ponderous artistes of the circus staff have a special railway carriage.

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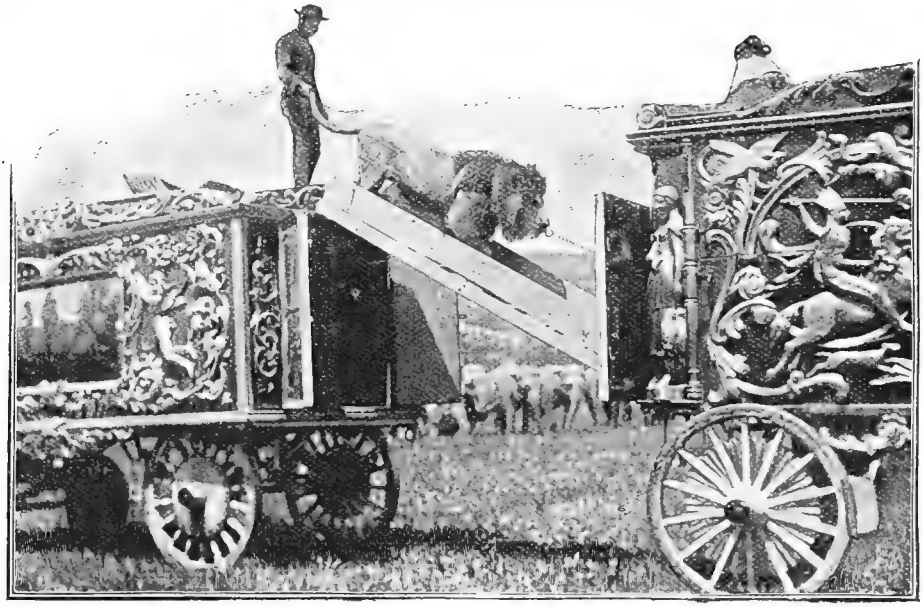


The mighty lion is an important person in every circus. He has to be treated with respect, and is moved from one place to another by means of a ring in his nose.

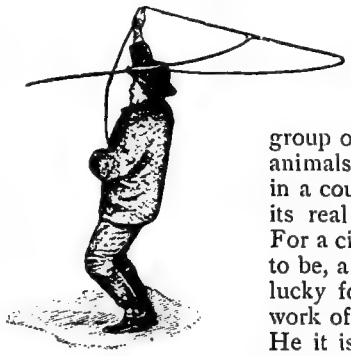
things are his business. He is naturally responsible to the proprietor for the cleanliness and general order of the carriage.

There is very little change in the company of a big circus from year to year. The workmen generally stay on indefinitely and most of the artistes, who have been with the proprietors from the beginning, seem loth to desert the company.

And it is herein that the strength of a circus lies, the conservatism and loyalty of the company. A caste of strangers would not succeed. The longer the company have been together, the more smoothly will the show run, the freer will it be from unfortunate catastrophes and objectionable hitches. The circus is an institution that has to be raised, brick upon brick, stone upon stone. Like Rome, it is not built in a day.

Here is an illustration of the acknowledged effectiveness of the modern circus. During one of the earliest of its tours in England the great Barnum and Bailey circus was well noticed in one of our leading dailies in a full column article which urged on the War Office to send officers of high rank to study the advanced methods of transportation in use in that circus, and those employed in the building of the great tents and the moving of heavy materials. We are glad to say that the War Office followed this good advice, and several officers were dispatched to learn all that there was to learn from them.

When the same circus went abroad one of the greatest monarchs in Europe personally visited it and watched the entire taking down and loading up of the show. That august personage expressed in the warmest terms how pleased he was with the ingenious means employed for the hoisting of heavy vans on to trucks by running them up inclined planes, and confessed that in his great army the heavy artillery was always hoisted by means of cranes over the side of the trucks, thus using much more time and labour than was necessary.



A lasso thrower.

Here, again, it is only a seeming contradiction to say that though from a crowd of people, a group of caravans, and a horde of animals a huge circus is erected in a couple of hours, the time of its real building is many years. For a circus is not what it appears to be, a merry show of happy-go-lucky folk. It is the elaborate work of one man—the proprietor. He it is who has built it up from the very beginning. His is the

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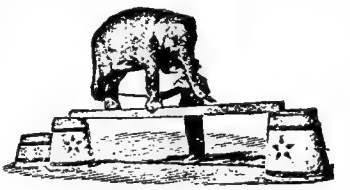
success that is bought by the experience—hard indeed at times—in early struggles, when he scoured the country with a couple of freaks, a performing dog, a single dancer, and for a band, the drum and the pan-pipes. For it was from this minute show that he built his huge circus, with his hundreds of employés.



Teaching a baby elephant.

The proprietor is the man who knows. He knows everything; for although he has a host of assistants who are all thoroughly well up in their work, yet he is at the head of all, and all depend on him. A proprietor who is incompetent had better sell the circus to someone who has a head on his shoulders, or rather two or three heads, for one alone is no good. He must not merely be ready with the solution to every problem the moment it crops up: he must have the solution ready some time before. Nothing must escape his eye or his memory.

The proprietor must know thoroughly the country he is touring. He must know his audiences and their likes and dislikes, also their means, which is most important from the financial point of view.

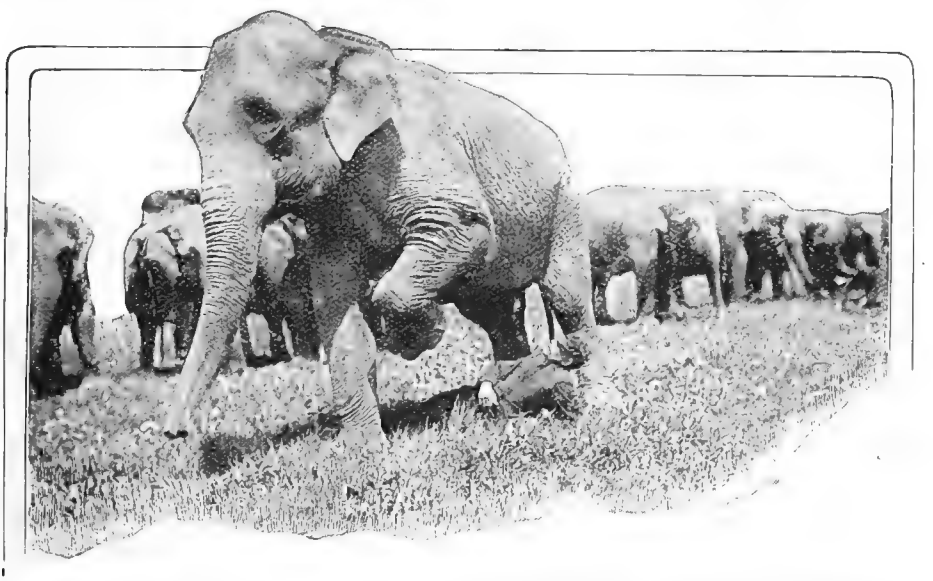
The proprietor's knowledge of horseflesh must be by no means small; for his steeds have great hardships before them. It is not every horse that can get a decent sleep while standing up in a railway truck; he must, therefore, sacrifice grace of form for toughness, and instead of the beautiful Arab steed he must purchase the useful if less ornamental country nag.

Then as regards the animals in the menagerie. He should know the principal ailments that they are likely to suffer from, and their treatment. Their habits and their food should also be made a study of—and such important points as the fact that all carnivorous beasts must fast one day in every seven. The Sunday is usually made fast day for these animals.

In one county the hay is poor; in another it is good and rich; in another there is little or no grass to be found. He must know all this and be ready prepared against all emergencies. He must also be a practical doctor, as well as a veterinary surgeon, for men as well as animals are apt to fall sick at times.

He must know the roads for miles round every town, the bridges, whether they will bear the weight of the caravans, and, if the hills are steep, where there are railways about. In short he must be everything, know everything, and be everywhere at the same time. Also, if possible, he should buy a dozen or so more eyes and ears.

They will be a good investment.



Elephants at rehearsal: this part of the show—as when the lion-tamer puts his head into the brute's mouth—is always popular with circus-goers.

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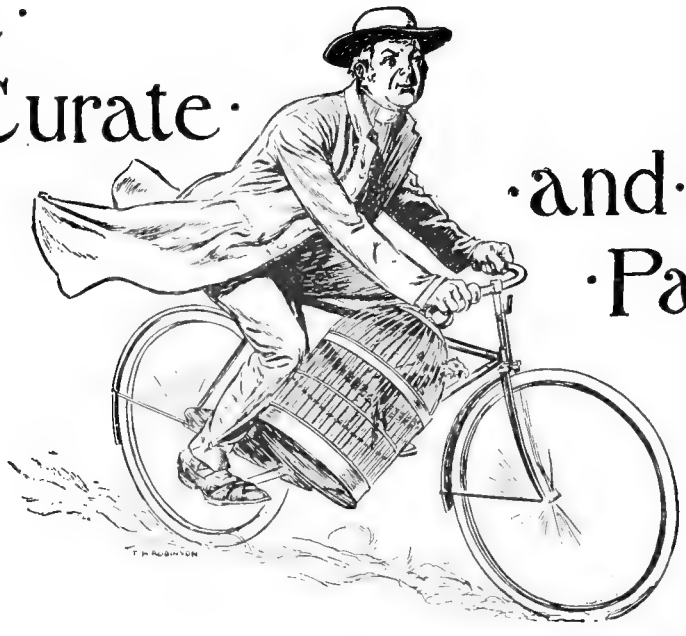
The Curate and the Parrot



The Reason why the blameless young Curate was found seated, minus *his Coat, on the top of a Telegraph Pole.*

By R. Andom.

"Confound you, you brute; keep quiet!"

The curate's tone was irritable and impatient; the curate was hot and anxious. In truth it is not an easy or a pleasant task to manage a bicycle and a big unwieldy cage containing a lively and rather spiteful parrot, to say nothing of the floppy hat and long tailed coat without which no self-respecting curate could be seen among his parishioners. So it is small wonder that the curate should have begun to think things that were not clerical as he rode from Puddlecombe the Great into Little Puddlecombe that soft spring morning.

It was the rector's business that the curate was upon; it was the rector's parrot that he had in charge, and the bicycle that he was riding was also the rector's. All the rest belonged to the curate, including the fret and the discomfort and a deep, rankling, abiding sense of injustice and folly.

A couple of hundred yards further down the road the curate came to grass. He didn't intend to get off—didn't know he was going to get off, in fact, until he got off. He did it in a hurry, and so disconnectedly, so to speak, that he and the bicycle sat down together on one side of the road and the cage alighted on the other.

Vulgar people who ride about the world on bicycles call that sort of thing "a cropper," which is an expressive and self-illuminating description, though the dictionaries have it not, at least in connection with curates and bicycles and bird-cages. The parrot effected the catastrophe all on its own. You can't, unless you are very expert, grab your coat tails with one hand and stuff a parrot-chewed finger of the other into your mouth, and ride ten miles an hour on a bicycle against time. The curate tried to, with the result I have indicated.

About the time that he sorted himself from his machine and stood up, the parrot, the rector's pet, had discovered that wire bars do not a prison make—when the door has been jerked open. Being fond of a flutter and seeing its chance, the bird perched for one moment on the outside of the cage, and then with a joyous squawk ascended before the eyes of the horrified curate and came to roost on the top of the nearest telegraph post.

Curates are sadly handicapped in situations such as these. Their calling forbids them to swear, and they are too old to cry; but it was vexing, very vexing. To add to the fun of the thing, the telegraph post was new and tarry. The curate discovered this when he leant one hand against it in maiden meditation—

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I mean, to consider the affair generally; and though a tarry hand may be the accompaniment of an honest, open heart in seafaring men, it does not go at all well with a curate's outfit. Neither for that matter does a rent trouser leg and a heavy coating of dust.

"Hello, guv'nor, had a spill?"

The tone was sympathetic if a trifle free and easy, and the curate looked up from his speculation and recognised a possible Samaritan in the shabby figure before him. He explained the situation briefly and was repaid with some more sympathy.

"Beastly nasty things to tackle though, them parrots," concluded the new arrival; "but if she knows you, may be you could shin up and cop her without getting more than a nip or two."

"I don't know her," said the curate testily, "and I am not an adept at scaling telegraph posts like that. Besides, this one is all wet tar. I'll give you half-a-crown if you can catch her for me."

The wandering one looked furtively at the curate, the cage, and the bicycle, and shook his head sadly. Half-a-crown was useful, certainly, but——

"I dussen't," he said hopelessly. "It's me 'eart. If I went up that pole like as not I'd come down 'eadlong with the heffort, a dead corpse. But there's a ladder down the road a bit, and I dare say if we gets it up and I held it you could manage."

The curate looked hopeful! The parrot perched lazily on the lower cross tree whistled an invocation to liberty and waited for developments, while its late custodian and his assistant retired down the road and presently returned bearing a short, stout ladder, which the linesmen had evidently been using in their operations.

"Hold it quite steady, won't you," admonished the curate, with some trepidation, as he prepared to ascend in his quest.

"As firm as a hanchor, sir," said the other with conviction and heartiness. "Best take off your coat; you may get it tangled in the wires."

The curate accepted the suggestion, though

"May be you could shin up and cop her without getting more than a nip or two."

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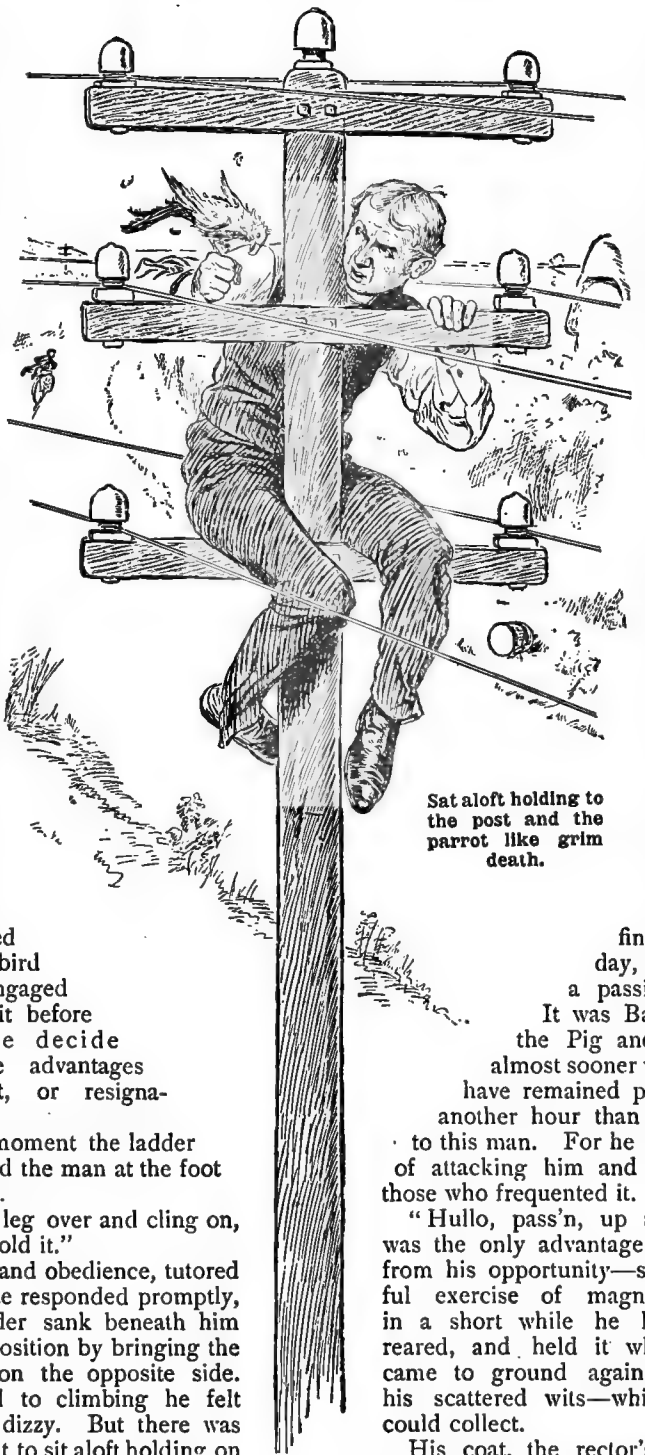
without enthusiasm, and, laying the garment neatly folded on the grass beside the ladder, he mounted steadily and with determination, speaking kindly to the parrot to hold it passive. The bird cocked its head on one side and waited with an amused smile until the hand got within a few inches, and then it hopped back and went a step higher. Still beguiling, the curate followed, and at the last stage, with one foot on the topmost rung, his knee resting on the lower cross tree, and the upper part of his body threaded through the wires, he managed to reach the bird with his disengaged hand and grab it before it could quite decide on the relative advantages of fight, flight, or resignation.



Sat aloft holding to the post and the parrot like grim death.

At the same moment the ladder gave a shiver, and the man at the foot yelled a warning.

"Throw your leg over and cling on, guvn'r; I can't 'old it."

With alacrity and obedience, tutored by fear, the curate responded promptly, and as the ladder sank beneath him he secured his position by bringing the other leg over on the opposite side. Not accustomed to climbing he felt rather sick and dizzy. But there was nothing to do but to sit aloft holding on to the post and the parrot like grim death, and await the rescue that, had he but known it, was to be long a-coming.

The man below seemed to be amused about something. He smiled a comfortable, satisfied sort of smile as he carefully and quietly laid the ladder at length on the ground, and he smiled some more as he gathered up the curate's garment, "cocked a snook" at the back of the patient, pathetic figure up aloft, and, mounting the curate's bicycle, glided noiselessly down the road.

The curate was found on a telegraph post, minus the parrot—Why did he let it go? Because it bit his finger so!—at midday, and rescued by a passing parishioner. It was Bates, landlord of the Pig and Whistle, and almost sooner would the curate have remained perched aloft for another hour than owe his rescue to this man. For he was never tired of attacking him and his house and those who frequented it.

"Hullo, pass'n, up a pole again?" was the only advantage Bates extracted from his opportunity—surely a wonderful exercise of magnaminity!—and in a short while he had the ladder reared, and held it while the curate came to ground again and collected his scattered wits—which was all he could collect.

His coat, the rector's machine, and the man who had "treed" him were never found.

Google

How To Become Graceful

A Few Suggestions to Girls, Showing them how they may Improve their Figure and Bearing.

By Margaret Noel.

A punching ball is a capital thing for the arms and shoulders. You should have a round or two with it every morning as soon as you get up.

"In the early days of the Victorian era," as the history books say, it was not considered necessary for girls to be strong and healthy. On the contrary, fainting and hysterics were signs of good breeding. But sixty years have wrought no inconsiderable change in the manners and the customs of the fair sex.

Nowadays fainting is much discouraged by mothers, and hysterics exist only in girls' schools, where such things are happily not frequent.

Do not spare the punching ball's feelings. Hit it hard with both fists.

Let the punching ball know how strong your arms are by hitting it with your elbows. This will straighten out your shoulders and improve your general bearing.

In the old days, when the crinoline was seen in the streets and railways were in their infancy, no exercise was taken by a young girl save a stiff walk in the park, twenty or so walking in pairs, with Miss Smithers (Seminary for Young Ladies) bringing up the rear. The natural consequence was that girls of the time were poorly developed; they were short and slight. Far be it from me to disparage the "slight girlish figure" so much beloved by people who write short stories. It is very charming indeed, but, somehow or other, it is unsatisfactory; it lacks stamina and strength. There is no backbone to it.

Now, my dear young ladies who are still at school, let me very solemnly warn you that you are soon to be launched into the great world of "grown-ups." You will have to support your sex with dignity and grace, a dignity and grace that cannot be supported by any number of hairpins, even if they be of the finest tortoise-shell, with little silver knobs at the end.

You must be graceful; graceful in all your

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If your neck is too short you can get a friend to pull it out! You need not be frightened. Your head won't come off, unless your friend pulls too hard.

movements, graceful in your manners, and graceful in your conversation. Then your younger sisters will look up to you, not merely as a delicious little fashion-plate designed by Pacquin or Worth, but as a woman to be admired for her own merits.

The very best exercise in the world for giving grace is riding; then come swimming and rowing. But these are hard to attain. We cannot all afford to ride, and swimming and rowing mean rivers and baths, to which some of us have not got access.

In the morning your body is warm and supple. This is the time to exercise it. Two of you should catch hold of each other's hands, standing back to back, and then circle round and round as fast as you can. You will become wonderfully graceful and dignified if you practise this every day.

However, you need not despair of having quite as good a figure as your more fortunate sister who rides every day. Follow up the directions that I am going to give you here, and you will soon be able to hold your own against the prettiest figure in town.

When you get up in the morning take a cold bath, as cold as your doctor will allow you. Dry yourself with rough towels, and get to work to exercise your muscles. It is a good plan for two of you to work together. You can help each other greatly, watch one another's weaknesses, and report progress.

Seize hold of the handles of your exerciser and swing your arms over your head to your feet without touching your knees. This will improve your waist and figure.

If your neck and shoulders are thin and undeveloped, get a punching ball and have a round or so with it every morning. It will probably hit you back, for you never know what a punching ball is going to do next; but never mind that. Hit it with your fists and your elbows, and if your neck is weak you can hit it with your head. This will fill out the hollows in your neck and make your arms beautifully rounded. It will, moreover, help to circulate the blood and give a warm glow to the skin.

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Walking on the hands is a splendid exercise for filling out the holes in your arms, and making them smooth and well rounded.

Is your neck too short? And do you want to have a lovely, swan-like neck that is always so much admired? There are no great difficulties in your way. All you have to do is to *pull it out!* It sounds absurd, doesn't it; but nevertheless it is true. Get your sister to catch hold of your head and drag you round the room. Then your neck will lose its hard, scraggy lines, or its short stumpiness, and will become a "swan's neck" indeed.

Your shoulders, too, must be exercised. A good way to do this is for two of you to stand back to back and hold each other's hands. Then twist round, circling your arms round your heads. This will make your shoulders and arms supple; you will no more stoop or have a round back, but will be upright and straight as an arrow. A girl with rounded shoulders ought never to be seen.

Your back muscles must be well exercised. An exerciser, or some apparatus of the kind, is a good thing for this. Catch hold of the dum bells or handles, hold your arms above your head, and swing them round to your toes. Do not bend your knees if you can help it. This may be hard at first, but in a few weeks you will do it easily. Do not think that because you feel as "stiff as a rush" during the first three or four days you mustn't go on with your exercises. This stiffness is bound to occur. But you will not feel it at all in a week or so. The stiffer you are to begin with the better, for that will show that your muscles have had a good dose of work.

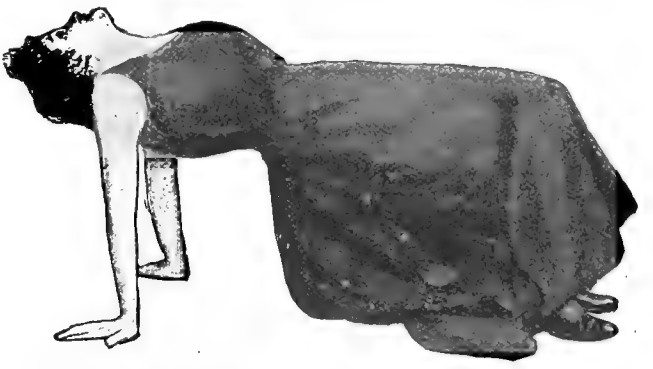
Should your arms be thin, you can walk on all fours. With your back to the ground this is not easy. Another good exercise for your shoulders and arms is a wheel-barrow race. You walk on your hands while your sister holds your feet and pushes you along.

The native girls of South Africa are most wonderfully graceful. Their carriage is superb. This is due to the fact that they wear nothing on their feet, and are in the habit of carrying bundles on their heads. Thus they gain an upright bearing. I should recommend you to walk about the room in the morning with a couple of books on your head. Never mind if they tumble down; try again. You will improve the poise of your head wonderfully after a few weeks of this practice.

Dancing and skipping are excellent for the figure, while running should be encouraged.

You must try to do some of these exercises every day, in the morning, when your body is warm and supple and none of the muscles are strained. But do not begin energetically and then give it up for a week or so. That will not do you any good at all. You must be regular in your exercises, or leave them alone.

A beautiful body begets a beautiful mind; the one is dependant on the other. If you are healthy and strong your mind will follow the example of your body and be healthy and strong, too. If you have a grace and a dignity surpassing that of the majority of your sex, your thoughts and your actions will have the same grace and the same dignity.



Walk on all fours with your back to the ground. This is very difficult, but you will soon be able to manage it. Such an exercise will strengthen your arms and legs, fill out your figure, and straighten your back.

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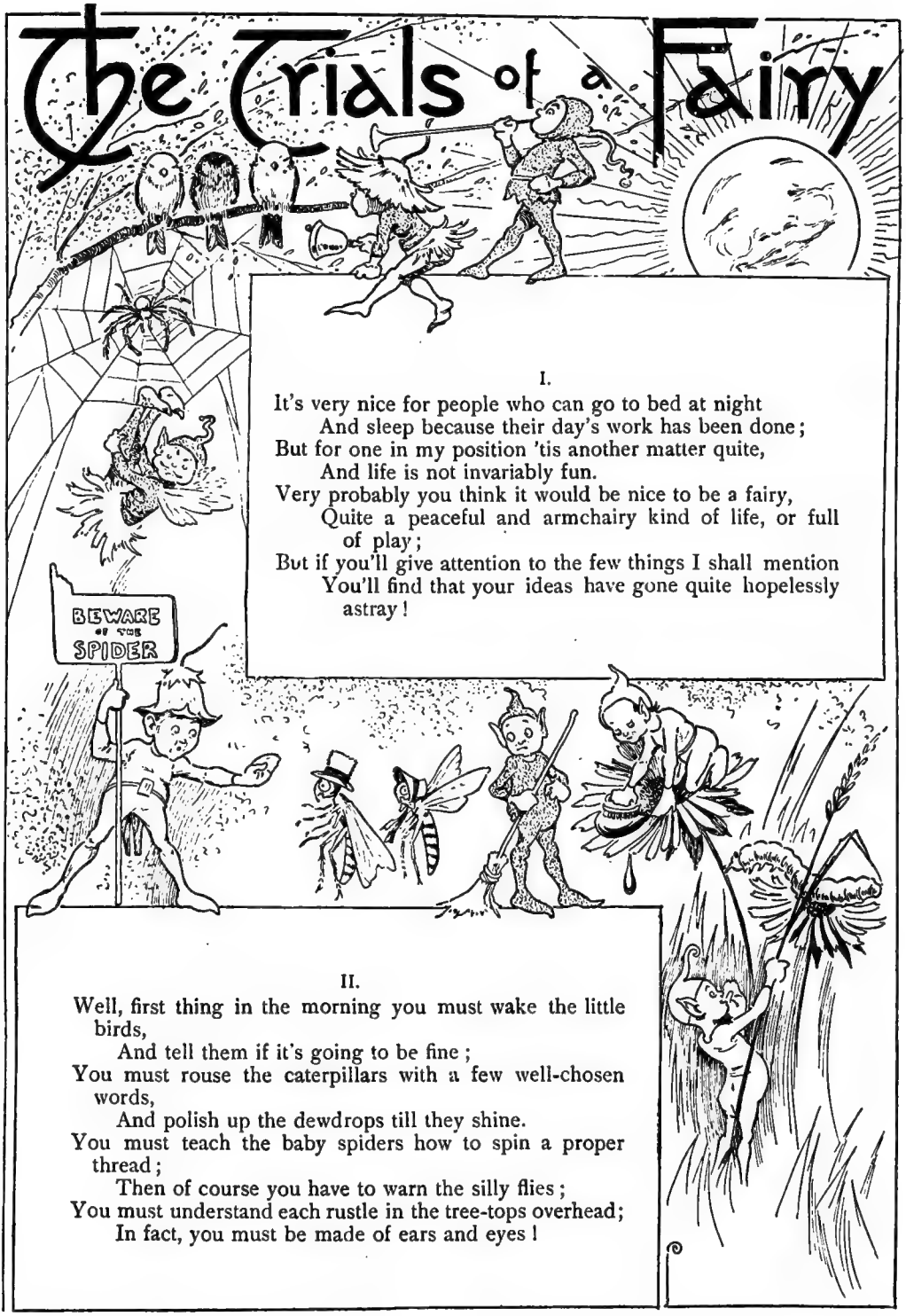
The Trials of a Fairy



I.

It's very nice for people who can go to bed at night
And sleep because their day's work has been done;
But for one in my position 'tis another matter quite,
And life is not invariably fun.
Very probably you think it would be nice to be a fairy,
Quite a peaceful and armchairy kind of life, or full of play;
But if you'll give attention to the few things I shall mention
You'll find that your ideas have gone quite hopelessly astray!

II.

Well, first thing in the morning you must wake the little birds,
And tell them if it's going to be fine;
You must rouse the caterpillars with a few well-chosen words,
And polish up the dewdrops till they shine.
You must teach the baby spiders how to spin a proper thread;
Then of course you have to warn the silly flies;
You must understand each rustle in the tree-tops overhead;
In fact, you must be made of ears and eyes!

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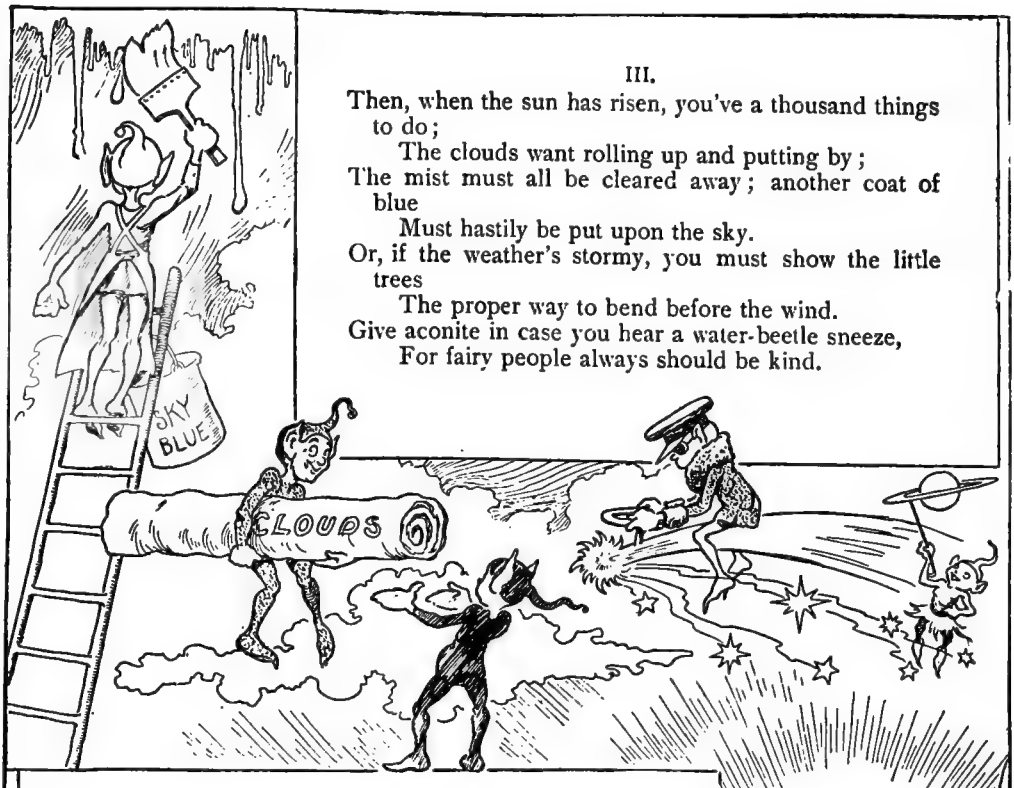
III.

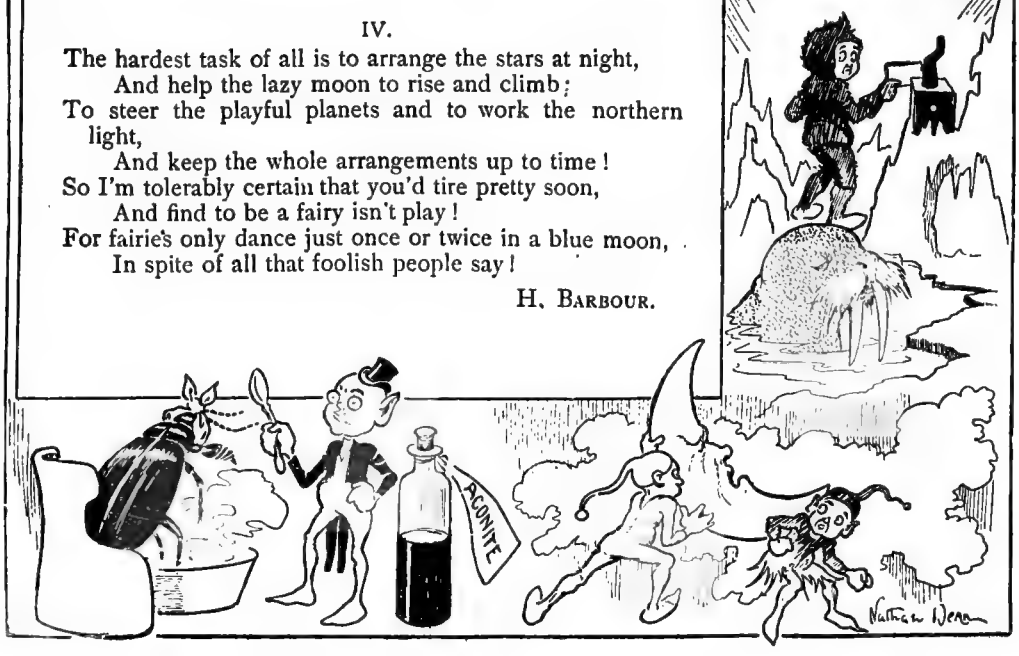
Then, when the sun has risen, you've a thousand things to do;
The clouds want rolling up and putting by;
The mist must all be cleared away; another coat of blue
Must hastily be put upon the sky.
Or, if the weather's stormy, you must show the little trees
The proper way to bend before the wind.
Give aconite in case you hear a water-beetle sneeze,
For fairy people always should be kind.



IV.

The hardest task of all is to arrange the stars at night,
And help the lazy moon to rise and climb;
To steer the playful planets and to work the northern light,
And keep the whole arrangements up to time!
So I'm tolerably certain that you'd tire pretty soon,
And find to be a fairy isn't play!
For fairies only dance just once or twice in a blue moon,
In spite of all that foolish people say!

H. Barbour.



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The Adventure of the Persian Prince

The Story of an Unusual Schoolboy.

By R. E. Vernède.

It was at the end of the Easter term that old Topsy, our Head (his real name being the Rev. Adolphus Turvey, M.A.), announced in Hall that after the holidays we should have among us the representative of an ancient and memorable kingdom, whose glories were before Athens, or something of that sort, and that he hoped young Yusuf would find to the full at Ripley House that spirit of frankness and comradeship which was the distinguishing feature of English schoolboys, and carry away many happy memories. We cheered a little at the time, though we hadn't a notion who Yusuf was or what sort of a kingdom he hung out in.

When the holidays came to an end, I and Wharncliffe, with whom I had been staying, returned to Ripley together, and had a cab up from the station. We had two grass snakes and three hedgehogs, which I got through while the Matron was sniffing some flowers that Mrs. Wharncliffe sent her.

"How kind of your mother," she said. "They do smell nice."

"Ripping!" said Wharncliffe, winking to me to cut, as the grass-snakes smelt a good deal stronger than the roses. "Anyone new?"

"There are six new boys—besides the Persian Prince."

"By Jove, the representative! I'd forgotten about him," said Wharncliffe.

We went off then to be kind, as the Matron asked us; and, after we had stacked our beasts, we found him, feeling pretty dull from his appearance. His name was Akbar Yusuf-ud-Keen, and he was a sort of grand-nephew many times removed of the Shah, so that his rank was pretty high in his own country.

We couldn't find out from him what exactly his country was, but Barham, who takes the fifth form, thought it was Arabia Felix, so called from the scarcity of dates. He was darkish, with a small moustache, though a good deal bigger than Barham's, but he had the thinnest shins I ever saw.

Wharncliffe and I rather took to the P.P., as he interested us and was beastly grateful, though fierce when provoked. We taught him a good deal in the short time he stayed, all things considered.

He turned up at Soccer the first time in a pair of scarlet patent leather bath slippers, which he thought would do to play in; but Barham, who was reffing, wouldn't have it, and sent him to change.

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I fancy Barham took rather a spite against the P.P., being jealous of his moustache; and the P.P. hated Barham, and once called him a "dom cheat" when he gave off-side against the school-house. And Barham couldn't set him lines or anything, because he didn't understand any language much except his own.

The P.P. picked up footer pretty fast, though he hated having his shins kicked. These natives don't seem to have much endurance—even the princes—and many of their ideas are strange. And it is because of this that the adventure I have to relate occurred, and I am telling a good many things about Yusuf beforehand, as allowance must be made.

He had been sent over, he said, to learn the English diplomatic, which I suppose he thought had something to do with pot-hooks and spelling; and he was as uppish as an old cock when he got a sum right, which was seldom.

It was after he had been at the school some time that the adventure to which I have referred took place. You never know what small things lead to. Wharncliffe wanted some fresh air after stuffing Virgil, naturally enough; and, as it was a half-holiday, I proposed birds-nesting.

"We'd better have a third, then," said Wharncliffe. "Who shall we take?"

"Why not the P.P.?" said I. "He's never been out of bounds yet, so it would be new fun for him."

Wharncliffe agreed, and the P.P. was awfully pleased when we broached the subject to him.

"Me? To obtain the bird's nest?"

"Yes; we've got our eye on several," I said. "Ever tried for a rook's nest?"

"Roc?" asked Yusuf, perplexed.

"He's thinking of Sinbad the Sailor," explained Wharncliffe. "Come along, old chap, we'll show you what it's like out of bounds."

Wharncliffe had had some cash sent by his mother the day before, so we laid in some ginger-beer and puffs and started off pretty early. It was a hot sort of day, with a good many bees buzzing about, and dusty on the roads, so that we finished the ginger-beer before we started, which saved a good deal of trouble in carrying the bottles.

"It's all the better," Wharncliffe said, "if we're going on into Squire Hardy's place—might have to run."

"Is it an enemy—so?" asked Yusuf, showing his teeth. He was jolly excited, whether because he really thought we were going after roc's eggs (which must be hot work), or because the ginger-beer had gone to his head, we didn't know.

"Rather," I said. "If the keeper spots us, he's an enemy right enough. Mind you cut."

"Of course," said Yusuf. "I will cut."

And he tapped his chest with pride in his native manner.

Wharncliffe led the way over a gate into

Yusuf came down on his pocket, trying to vault after us.

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the fields. Yusuf came down on his pocket trying to vault after us and squashed the puffs. He was nearly weeping with excitement when we got into the woods. Wharncliffe told me afterwards that the P.P. seemed to have thought that out of bounds was some dangerous place where tigers abounded, and there were elephant-pits which you might fall into. I noticed at the time that his large cat's eyes kept blinking from one side to the other as he walked.

However, we were too keen on nests to wonder what the P.P. was thinking about, and I don't think anyone could really blame Wharncliffe and me. Of course we were out of bounds, but we were doing the P.P. a kindness, we thought. "Showing him the spirit of comradeship," as Wharncliffe said, and Topsy might have considered that afterwards, if he hadn't been in such a bilious fury.

We'd got five eggs by that time (one starling, one partridge, two hedge-sparrow, one blue, spotted with brown, name unknown to Wharncliffe or me. Then I fancied I saw a woodpecker scuttle into a hole in an oak.

Wharncliffe gave me a leg up, and then I helped him, and we told the P.P., who was awfully bad at climbing, to stick below and keep *cave*, in case a keeper came along. We got up the first part easily enough, but then the oak got twisty, and we went on the wrong tack. The old bird was fluttering round right enough; but it turned out that her hole was to the right when we'd got to the left. And Wharncliffe, who was below me, was just standing up to swing across when a nasty call came up.

"Naow, me lad, down yo' come, an' we'll see what the Squire'll say!"

Wharncliffe popped into the leafiest part like a weasel, and I sat still. It was impossible to know which of us the keeper had seen, and we both thought it was the other, and lay low. From where I was I could see pretty plainly, and was rather annoyed to find that the speaker was a thick-haired keeper we'd met before and cheeked pretty well. He wasn't the oldest of them either and could sprint, as we knew. He'd put his gun down at the foot of the tree and was pulling a switch, which looked nasty.

"Are yo' comen daown smart, or are yo comen daown to smart?" he called up again with a chuckle. It is beastly having that sort of a man making low jokes at you when you can't see a way out.

"Keep your hair on, Towsy-head!" I sung out.

"Ho, there be two on you, be there?" he growled, looking in my direction, and I saw that I'd made a mistake, as he must have spotted young Wharncliffe before. But it was no good repenting now, and Wharny realised it and began cheeking too.

"Catch, Towsy," he called, and got him in the face with the jammy part of a puff. "You don't get jam every day, do you, Towsy?"

"Awright!" said the keeper angrily; "Ah'll mak' you smart when ah've gotten you."

Wharncliffe had come on to my bough again, as it was no good trying to hide; and he whispered:

"The P.P. ought to be kicked for this. *Cave*, indeed!"

I'd quite forgotten for the moment that we'd left the P.P. standing below, where there was certainly no sign of him now.

"Where do you s'pose he is?" I asked.

"Bolted," said Wharncliffe. "He might have whistled."

It certainly did seem mean of the P.P. to have slipped off without a word like that, even if he was a barbarian and had no *esprit de corps*. You would have thought an Ojibbaway even would know better, and Persians are supposed to be a good deal more civilised than Red Indians, not going in for scalps and tomahawks.

Only, as it happened, we were mistaken about the P.P., worse luck. If only he had slunk off—which he hadn't done at all, except to conceal himself for a jiffy or two and brood gorily—we might have come to terms or made a dash for it. Not that Towsy showed any signs of going off to sleep, or of losing his prey as well as his hair. He sat tight at the bottom of the tree-trunk, and got rather strategic in the way he took cover from the more jammy pieces of the puff that we still had left; so that we had begun to reserve our ammunition and were naturally feeling a bit sick of the whole thing. Young Wharncliffe even went so far as to suggest a parley.

"I say," he called down, "why shouldn't we try and settle it?"

"Ah'm gwoan to try and settle it," said the gamekeeper.

The beast began chuckling harder than ever, having got out of his sulks by scoring over young Wharncliffe.

"It's no go," I said. "Shut up kow-towing. We'll make him wait, anyhow. Hullo!"

From our branch we could only see down

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on to a sort of small square patch of earth, as the leaves on both sides hid the rest of it. Towsy had squatted down at one end of it and begun smoking a pipe; we could only see his back. And just a yard or so from his back, creeping along towards it like a blooming tiger on the trail of a crocodile, came the P.P. He was sort of on all fours, and on all his toes at once; and I never saw anything more like a nasty cat.

"Look!" I whispered to young Wharncliffe. "What's the P.P. up to?"

For half a mo' we just stared, and then we both yelled:

"Look ahead, Towsy!" for the P.P. had a scimitar in his hand, and I howled to the P.P. to cut or he'd get a licking. Such was his hopeless and barbarous *esprit de corps*, however, that with a combined wriggle and dive he leaped on to the gamekeeper's shoulders.

Luckily I got a clutch of his legs just as I fell.

Next instant Wharncliffe and I were tumbling down that oak tree in a heap. We arrived on our backs together as if we'd been doing a kind of three-legged race, and——

"Collar him low!" said Wharncliffe.

Luckily I got a clutch of his legs just as I fell, and we brought him down before he'd time to run amuck.

"Got a handkerchief?" asked Wharncliffe; and we tied him up with my handkerchief in grim silence.

"What did you do it for?" I asked him.

"I cut—the enemy—was it not?" said the P.P. in tones of high dudgeon.

You can't do anything with a person who mixes the simplest idiom of the British tongue in this manner. Whether he had mixed up cutting—in the sense of hooking it—with jabbing or not, I don't know.

Meanwhile we brought Towsy round with some water young Wharncliffe fetched in the P.P.'s cap. Towsy wasn't as dead as we thought, and seemed more surprised than anything when he opened his eyes. Uncommonly sulky, too, and ungrateful, for though we offered him two bob (in weekly instalments) and young Wharncliffe's belt as a sling, he preserved a hostile demeanour and said he should let our headmaster hear of it, which he did, the Squire coming round next day, and the whole school being assembled and Topsy in his frowsiest temper.

That is really the whole story. The P.P. was removed shortly after, "In the hope" as Topsy said, "that in some sterner sphere he would learn the lesson of self-control and the civilised arts of peace, which alone would enable him, in the dim future, to benefit and ameliorate the condition of his own ancient and memorable country;" while "those who, instead of exemplifying the virtues of obedience and loyalty (being young Wharncliffe and I) to one who was a stranger within our gates" (the P.P.), got it jolly hot, in a manner that I will not describe. It is useless to expect gratitude from headmasters.

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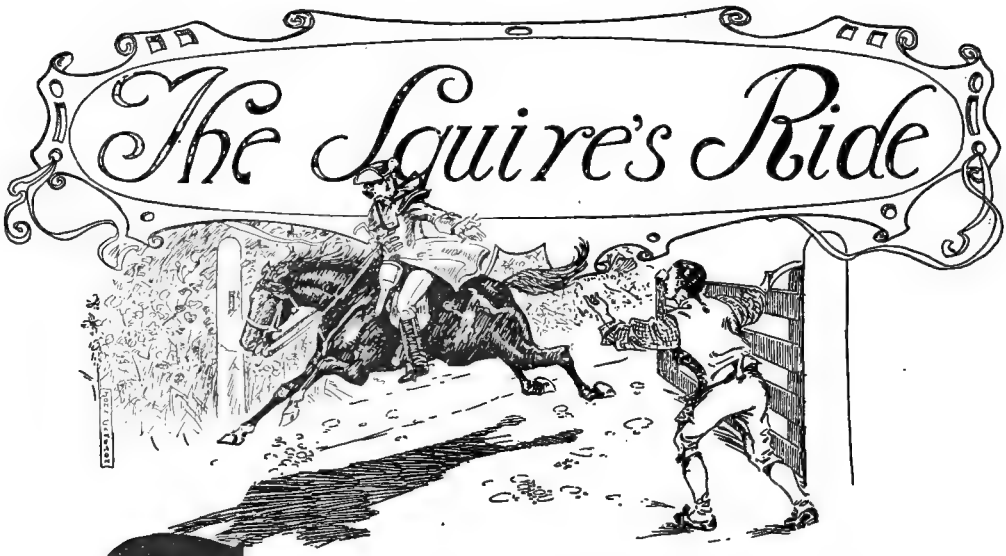
The Squire's Ride



The Weird Story of an Actual Event.

By E. D. Ross.

SQUIRE CREIGHTON tossed restlessly in bed; he had fidgeted uneasily all night. He could not understand his wakefulness. He was, as a rule, the soundest of sleepers.

Finally, at four o'clock in the morning, he got up and dressed. He roused the old butler and ordered some food, and his horse to be saddled.

The man looked at him in amazement.

"I beg pardon, sir, are you going far?" asked the faithful old servant.

"I don't know, John. I feel that I am not my own master exactly in this matter. I am obeying an instinct. It is imperative that I ride out at once."

Old John stared. This was beyond him.

Putting some cold chicken and bread before his master, he went to the stables to wake a groom and order a horse to be got ready.

He came back considerably quicker than he went.

"The horse is all ready, sir," he gasped.

"Ready, is it? Ah!" There was no astonishment in the Squire's voice.

"Hilary says as how he was woke up by hearing you call to him out of your window some time ago, sir. You told him to saddle Black Prince."

"Strange," murmured the Squire—"I don't recollect anything of it, but it is all in keeping."

With these half-muttered words he left the mystified John, went out, and mounted his horse.

The morning was exhilarating, and Black Prince was in great form.

The Squire had taken the turning to the distant county town, avoiding that to the nearest village. Was it the Squire or was it the horse that took the turning?

It was a long ride, but the morning was yet early and Black Prince was going splendidly.

"We shall be delayed at the toll-bar," said the Squire to himself. "No one will be astir yet."

He felt the need for speed.

Nearer and nearer he rode to the toll-gate. It was open—a most unusual thing at that hour. The Squire rode through, throwing a coin to the man in charge, who seemed half asleep.

"I heard you," he shouted, as the Squire rode on, not waiting for an explanation.

Across a heath where Black Prince could enjoy a gallop they cantered at top speed.

Three miles further on they would come to a river. It was wide, and the ferry and the ferryman stayed at the far side. Usually it was a lengthy business to get across, for the man's attention had first of all to be roused, and

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then he had to bring the ferry over. The Squire was disturbed. He urged on Black Prince as if to make up now for the time which he feared must be lost.

They rode those miles in a wonderfully short time, and when they reached the river the ferry was waiting for them.

"How is this, my man?" the Squire asked as they were crossing.

"What, sir?" said the ferryman in surprise. "How is it that you are at this side of the river—so early in the morning, too?"

"I ain't deaf, sir," answered the astonished man, "I heard you shouting half-an-hour agone."

"Ah, that was fortunate," the Squire contented himself with remarking.

The river was crossed, and on rider and horse sped. Both were beginning to feel the strain of their rapid and long journey when at last the chimneys of the town became visible.

The morning was well advanced by this time, and there was some considerable amount of traffic to navigate, but Black Prince was allowed to pass without trouble. Market carts and other vehicles and passengers on foot or on horseback all made way for him. It was as if the Squire shouted as he rode: "In the King's name!"

Tired and worn out with hunger the Squire was at a loss for the first time on reaching the heart of the town. But Black Prince turned into the ancient hostelry. He wanted rest and food, too.

Giving him into the charge of the ostler, the Squire went indoors to seek breakfast for himself. He had had a long journey and for what purpose he had not the least idea. He had come in obedience to a call stronger than his own will, stronger than his reason, and here he was.

He made a hearty meal, and, as he was finishing, the landlord entered the room.

He noticed the stranger and, imagining he knew his business, spoke:

"You've come for the assizes, I suppose, sir."

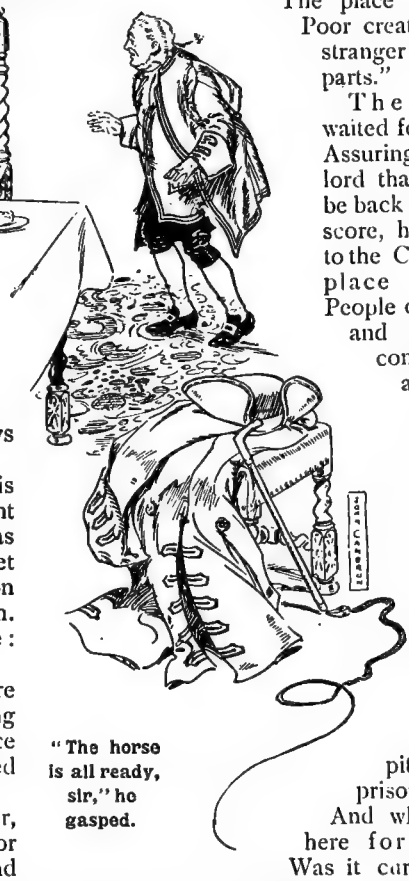
"The assizes! Are they being held now?" questioned the Squire, all interest. The fact had quite escaped his memory.

"To be sure, I thought you had something to do with them. Aren't you a lawyer?"

"I'm a magistrate, and my business may be connected with the sitting. Is there any special case on?"

The landlord looked incredulous. "Why, haven't you heard, sir? There is a man being tried for murder. The evidence against him is strong, but circumstantial, so they say. The place is packed. Poor creature, he's a stranger in these parts."

The Squire waited for no more. Assuring the landlord that he would be back to settle his score, he hastened to the Court. The place was full. People of all ranks and ages had come to hear a fellow man condemned to death. The Squire had a feeling of revulsion against them all, and a feeling of overwhelming pity for the prisoner.



"The horse is all ready, sir," he gasped.

And what was he here for himself? Was it curiosity, too?

He pushed his way into the Court. He could hear the question to the prisoner—"Is there any reason why sentence of death should not be passed on you?" There was a pause. The Squire pushed forward again, but still he could not see the prisoner.

"Yes," answered a voice, "I have said I

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"There he is!" The prisoner pointed full at the Squire.

was not there. I spent the whole of that evening with a man. He was a stranger to me. It was in a place whose exact locality I can't remember. Would to God I knew that man's name, but—— *There he is!"*

The prisoner pointed full at the Squire, who had just then managed to elbow his way through the crowd.

All eyes were turned on Squire Creighton, but he was gazing only at the prisoner.

"I was with that man on the evening of April 20th"—the Squire spoke in a clear, assured voice, audible to all—"on Barstow Heath. He was riding to this very place, and owing to an accident to his horse was delayed at a small inn seven miles from Butling Hall, my home. I was riding on the Heath that evening, and seeing a stranger, I stopped and talked to him. I did not leave him till nine o'clock. I am sure of my dates and of the time."

There was dead silence in the Court.

The prisoner was being tried for the murder of a man some ten miles in the opposite direction to Barstow Heath, between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of April 20th. He was more or less a wanderer on the face of the earth, and while the circumstantial evidence had been strong against him, he had failed to prove an alibi. Only one man in the world could have saved him, and by a miracle that man appeared.

The prisoner was acquitted.

This happened many, many years ago. The story was told to me as true. The account of the trial and the incidents of the Squire's ride are in the records of some city or town in England. Can any one tell me where?

IF.

"If I were you, and you were me——"
"What grammar, sir!" she cried;
"Oh, were you never taught at school
About the verb 'to be' a rule
That's published far and wide?"

"If I were you," he answered her,
"I think I should not care
Whether the man I loved said 'me'
Or 'I'; his faults might others see;
I'd love him still, I swear."

"But if you never loved him well?"
She queried, very low;
"If he were only extra dull,
And you—too cruel-merciful—
Forbore to bid him go?"

"If that were so," he slowly said,
And turned towards the door,
"If that were really so indeed,
I'd say good bye to him with speed,
And never see him more."

"Ah, but"—she said—"don't go! because—
Because I have not told
What I in such a case would do,
If I in very truth were you,
And very, very bold."

"And what is that?" he coldly asked,
And coldly turned his head;
"If I were you," she said, "I'd see
That she was only teasing me—
I really would," she said. V. H. F.

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The Woman Who Can't

The Correct Solution of the Great Question Who not to Marry.

By E. Almaz Stout.

Of late years we have all heard a good deal of the "Woman Who Did" and of the "Woman Who Didn't," and very trying and uncomfortable young women they must have been for their friends. But for average mankind there is another kind of Woman who has far more influence and effect on his every-day life and who is infinitely more trying to his temper and patience—when he has to live with her—and that is the "Woman Who Can't!"

I say advisedly "when he lives with her," for it is remarkable that though a man gets indignant and impatient with the "Woman Who Can't" when she happens to be his wife, his mother or his sister, he seems to find a strange charm and attraction in the woman who constantly appeals to his strength and protection, saying—or looking—pathetically: "Will you do this or that for me, for—I can't!"—that is, when she does not chance to be one of his own women-kind.

There is the Woman who *can't* live without her mother.

A friend of mine once asked the maiden of his choice to become his wife. She gladly consented, and they proceeded to plan out their new life and new home together. "Yes, yes! And then a dear little sitting-room for mamma!"

"For mamma?" said my friend, with rapidly falling face. "But she won't be there, except for visits—long, *long* visits, of course!" he added hastily.

"O-h! I certainly thought you meant mamma to come too. If you don't I couldn't possibly marry you. I have always said I should live with her, and I can't do without her, I really can't."

Naturally, my friend being in love and very young, gave way, and took mamma-in-law to his hearth and home. But where was the happy life and perfect felicity he had contemplated? Life was a burden. If ever he were a shade irritable or suggested that he should like this or that done, tears or storms were his portion, "Mamma" vigorously asserting that "her darling's life should never be spoiled by a mere, vile man while she could prevent it—never!"

One day, in a stronger and firmer mood than usual he insisted that "Mamma" should go and stay with some friends who had invited her, as he "wanted his little wife to himself for a while."

For a whole week his home was a chaos—a wilderness. The servants gave notice; the rooms were in perpetual disorder and a mass of dust and dirt; meals were late and disgracefully cooked. When he gently hinted to his wife that

The Woman who Can't do little things for herself and is constantly calling in the nearest man to help her, is all very well till the freshness wears off; but after that she makes people tired.

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she should see to things herself a little if the servants behaved so badly and left her at a moment's notice, he was met with the usual floods of tears and the bitter reproach: "You shouldn't have made dear mamma go away. I always told you I didn't know how to manage. I don't know anything about a house, and I *can't* manage servants and do things!"

"Mamma" was telegraphed for to return next day.

First cousin to this Woman is the one who "can't do little things for herself." "Yes," she will say pathetically, "dear Mary can always look nice and well-dressed on very little. But then she is so clever with her fingers. She makes so many things for herself. She buys cheap remnants at the sales and makes the sweetest blouses. I only wish I could, but I can't! I am perfectly helpless with my fingers." And she glances contentedly at those long, slim, white members.

Mouse!! There are many Women who Can't bear mice, and if one appears they will take up a graceful attitude on the nearest piece of furniture, and refuse to move.

Meanwhile, the poor husband, who is finding it horribly hard to make two ends meet, has to do without many a sorely-needed thing in order to pay for the best of smartly-made clothes, because his wife "can't do things for herself" and yet "can't possibly be expected to wear a gown that does not look as smart as Mrs. A.'s or a hat that does not bear the Parisian impress!"

Who doesn't know the Woman who can't face an imaginary danger or small inconvenience? Such women as these should always be left at home when journeys or expeditions are planned—for how many a picnic or pleasure party is spoiled by a woman who cannot or will not try to mount a rather stiff hill or clamber over some rough-looking rocks or soil her boots by crossing a dirty field.

Women who want to be wrapped in cotton-wool, and insist on this stuffy covering, ought to be content to be put in a cardboard box or a glass case and just looked at. They may be very pretty — but, like many pretty things, they don't wear well!

I well remember a picnic-party nearly coming to a most disastrous conclusion because the hostess — pretty, dainty, long-skirted, high-heeled Dolly—refused to cross a narrow bridge. She and her husband—a great, devoted, but sometimes rather impatient giant, had invited a large party of friends to a picnic luncheon in the Cray Woods. They drove to within half a mile of the place and then dismissed the carriages.

A case of a Man who Can't. This is a much rarer animal, and he can't understand a woman being sea-sick on a perfectly calm day—unsympathetic beast.

A shallow stream separated the last field from the woods. Nearly all the party crossed over the single-plank bridge in safety, with many screams and much laughter. When Dolly saw it she shuddered and vowed —"I *can't* cross that thing. I should turn giddy and tumble in—I know I should."

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "If I hold your hand this side, and Dick there stretches out his from the other, you will only have one step alone."

"I can't! It's no use."

"But you *must*! See, everyone else is over. You are the hostess, you can't leave your guests alone. Now Dolly, courage. One—two—three—over you go!"

"I can't—I *can't*!" was all that that small woman would say.

"Well, if you can't, I *will*," said Harry, and seizing her in his great strong arms, proceeded to carry her over.

But alas, the combined weight on the

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slender bridge caused it to go cra-ack, crack, and before Harry, hampered with his struggling burden, could spring forward, down the two had gone, plump into the gurgling stream, with its soft and oozy bottom.

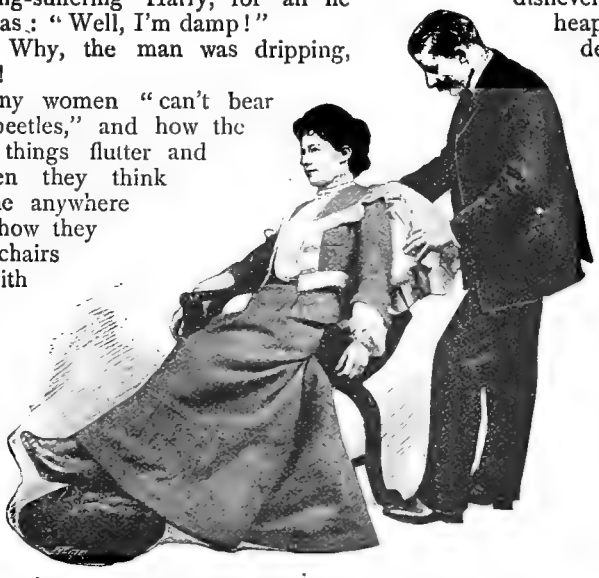
When the bedraggled, dripping pair were safely extricated, if you will believe it, that misguided little woman, instead of taking it as a just and merited punishment for her obstinacy, turned and roundly, if tearfully, abused her better half, declaring that "it was all his fault, and that if he had only let her alone, *this* would not have happened, and that she was just going to cross when he roughly dragged her into the stream!"

I gasped, and thought what a noble temper had the long-suffering Harry, for all he ejaculated was: "Well, I'm damp!"

Damp? Why, the man was dripping, soaking wet!

How many women "can't bear mice and beetles," and how the poor little things flutter and scream when they think there is one anywhere about, and how they jump on to chairs and tables with their skirts held well aloft.

When you implore them to get down and assure them "it has gone quite away," and whack the floor and furniture with a poker in a way sufficient to scare any ordinarily balanced mouse into cerebral aberration for the rest of its life, they absolutely decline to believe your hitherto-never-doubted word and cry: "No, I know it's still there. I daren't get down. No, I really *can't!*" And they gather those pretty frills a shade higher and you get a still more extended glimpse of openwork stocking.



The Woman who Can't do anything is very charming—so long as she be pretty. The Mere Man who Can finds quite a pleasure in propping her up with cushions, fetching smelling-salts, and wielding her fan to keep her cool.

Now I ask, in all innocent spirit of inquiry, has it ever struck you that you have never seen a woman who has not dainty billows of frills under her dress skirt and pretty little feet, jump on to tables and chairs with that same dress skirt gathered up high? It has often struck me as curious that I have never seen this sort of gymnastic display given by a woman in a lindsay petticoat and broad, flat-heeled shoes. But then I am only a man!

Of course, men sometimes "can't," and then I doubt not they are just as maddening to women, as women can be to men.

My wife always waxes furious over the recollection of a man who "couldn't understand." I don't see much in it myself, but then I was never sea-sick.

On one occasion she was travelling alone from Dieppe to Newhaven. She admits that the sea was perfectly smooth, but she was hopelessly, helplessly sick. When nearing England, after three hours absolute misery and prostration, she was sitting, a white, dishevelled, starchless, crumpled heap under the shelter of the deck cabin. Presently an officer of the ship wandered by and seeing the helpless heap paused, and said wonderingly: "Why, surely, you've never been sick?"

"Yes, I have," gurgled out my wife, opening one eye feebly and praying hard for him to go away.

"But the sea's like a mill-pond," said that bewildered officer, now thoroughly interested.

My wife vouchsafed no reply.

"But the sea's like *glass!* Well, madam, upon my word, I *can't* think how you have done it."

"*Can't* you?" burst out my wife, the small remnant of strength she possessed roused into feeble indignation. "If you have once been sea-sick, you would never again wonder how it was *done!*"

And that officer, wondering and puzzled, walked thoughtfully away, muttering: "Well, how she's done it, I *can't* see."

But this is a digression.

How we all love the dear little pretty thing who appeals to our superior strength and intellect. How we love to have innocent, puzzled eyes raised to ours, and to hear rosy, babyish lips say: "Do tell me how I ought to do that. I am so afraid of making mistakes. You are so clever and know just how to do

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things. I am so stupid and *can't* understand business and figures and horrid things of that sort."

How we will sacrifice our hardly-earned leisure, our rest, our wife's convenience, to smooth a crumpled page, or perhaps merely a crumpled rose-leaf, in the path of a dainty little fragile piece of egg-shell-china-femininity who can't smooth those rough, clumsy things for herself—but who can give tender, bewitching glances out of half-veiled, dewy eyes.

And how we love to hold her fan and flowers, and to get the softest cushions for the little back that can't hold itself upright, and to get the velvet stool for the little feet that can't reach the ground.

But other women somehow don't like these little helpless women. I wonder why?

There is one "I can't" that always rejoices a man's heart to hear. When he asks the girl he adores to be his, and silence and downcast eyes are his sole reply, anxiety begins to work havoc amongst his high and certain hopes.

"Look up, beloved," he will whisper. "Look up and say 'Yes.' What, no answer? You don't mean you are going to refuse me? Beloved, you are not going to answer 'No'?"

The Woman who Can't add up two and two without making the sum come wrong; who can't spell without being told every letter; who can't understand business, housekeeping, or anything of importance. She is, we are glad to say, dying out.

Then two small fluttering hands will creep up his coat lapels, two adorable eyes will shyly be raised to his, and two sweet lips will falter: "Dear, I can't!"

Then the music in those two small words will set the joy bells ringing in any true man's heart:

> A woman's "No," a woman's "Yes,"
> A woman's "Well, I sha'n't!"
> Can make or mar man's happiness,
> But not like "Oh, I can't."

How often we hear the phrase, "I will forgive, but I cannot forget!" And, though I fear it sounds unchivalrous to say so, it is seldom heard on other than a woman's lips. Of course, it is impossible to forget in their entirety any but the most trivial events of our lives, but a forgiveness should surely imply a forgetfulness of the offence, otherwise where is the value of forgiveness if the occasion of it is to be stored up against you and never forgotten?

What a woman cannot forgive is generally some small and petty slight. She will forgive unto seventy times seven a husband who is a brute to her and even physically ill-treats her, and she can pardon and take back to her welcoming arms a faithless and possibly worthless lover; but what she cannot forgive either lover, husband, or friend, is a slight—no matter how small—offered her for the sake of another woman. And as for a snub given by another woman, before she forgives that the world will be a different place.

"Did you notice," will hold forth the injured one, "that at Mrs. A.'s dinner the other night Lady B. was sent in before me, though her husband is only a beggarly knight. *That* is a slight I will not and cannot forgive!"

And, to her credit, she seldom does.

But there is another side of the picture. There are some "I can'ts" which a woman should be proud to utter and which a man in his heart should be glad to hear. For not always are the help and assistance on the man's side. Sometimes it is he who tries to weaken a woman's bulwarks of strength and who pleads that the woman may be foolish—or worse—and then the woman who can reply "I can't simply because I *can't*," should be proud that there is no other reason that she need see.

For, though there are occasionally to be found men who laugh at goodness, yet it is an indisputable fact that it is the woman who cannot be anything but sweet and honourable and good who holds the honour and the happiness of the men about her in her hands.

All honour to those women who *can't* be false to the ideals of truth and honour!

Well, so much for "The Woman Who Can't." As a general rule she is a fascinating little person whom you soon tire of; occasionally she is among the noblest of her sex.

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Cap and Bells

A MORNING CALL.

Mrs. Jones: "The Sunday school picnic yesterday was *such* a success."

Mrs. Smith: "Yes, everybody had a perfectly lovely time. And there was such an abundance of everything!"

Mrs. Jones: "But wasn't it scandalous the way that Miss Waltzer tried to flirt with the minister?"

Mrs. Smith: "She always was a hateful minx. Did you notice Mrs. Moire gathering up eatables to take home? They say that she skims the family table to put new dresses on her back, but, of course, I don't know about that. Please don't say so as coming from me."

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, not for the world. Did you get hold of any of Mrs. Brown-Jones's cake? I got a piece of it for Jack. It will make a perfectly lovely paper weight."

Mrs. Smith: "Did you *ever* hear anybody gossip like Mrs. Organdine? That woman never draws a breath that she doesn't gossip."

Mrs. Jones: "And Mrs. Brocade isn't far behind her. I do detest gossiping, don't you?"

Mrs. Smith: "I do indeed. I do not believe that the gossiper will escape the wrath hereafter."

Mrs. Jones: "I don't think so, either. Well, I must be going. I'm glad that the picnic *was* a success—just because that old sinner, Mrs. Gellatyn, said she wished it would rain all day. I thought it was perfectly lovely."

Mrs. Smith: "So did I. I had a p-e-r-f-e-c-t-l-y- l-o-v-e-l-y time."

Mrs. Jones: "I *must* go now. I suspect that my yeast has risen. Good-bye. Come over to see me. Good-bye."

Mrs. Smith: "Good-bye. I will. Good-bye. You come back!"

Mrs. Jones (to herself): "She is a nice one to be condemning a gossiper!"

Mrs. Smith (to herself): "The *idea* of *her* roasting a gossip!"

* * * * *

HE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

Tommy: "I say, pa, are there mermaids in the sea?"

Pa: "Of course, there's always a woman at the bottom."

* * *

"Dear me! I suppose I ought to help him, but it might turn out to be somebody I've never met!"

* * * * *

THE LENGTH OF HIS VACATION.

"I've proposed to the dear Summer Girl, and she's mine!"
Cried the youth—here his rapture increased.
"She is mine!—She is mine!"—Here he came down to earth.
"She is mine for a fortnight at least!"

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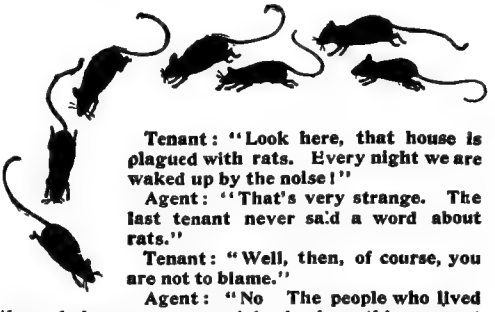

Tenant: "Look here, that house is plagued with rats. Every night we are waked up by the noise!"

Agent: "That's very strange. The last tenant never said a word about rats."

Tenant: "Well, then, of course, you are not to blame."

Agent: "No The people who lived there before never complained of anything except ghosts."

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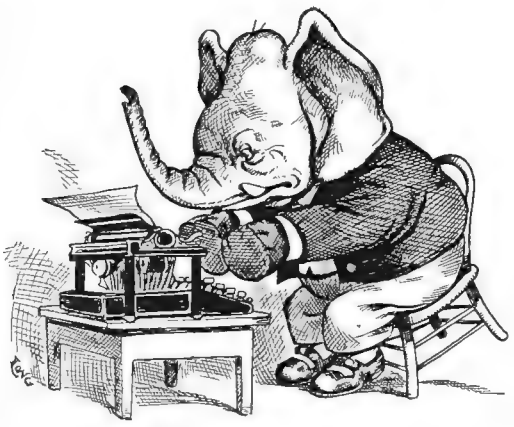
"I WISH you could have broken the news more gently," sighed the editor, as the office boy pied the first page by dropping the forme down a flight of steps.

* *

One of the worst things about falling into a hole is the number of people who gather on the brink to point out the routes you should have taken to avoid falling in.



"Confound this machine! I don't seem to be able to finger it properly!"

"Human nature's a queer thing, especially female human nature."

"What are you thinking about now?"

"For instance, if a young man tells a girl that she's altogether different from her sisters, she always takes it as a compliment."

* *

LAWYER: "Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

CLIENT: "Except, of course, a lawyer."

* * * * * * * * * * *

SHE HAD THE ART, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT.

"Tell me," pleaded the artless maid, "wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?"

The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom and said:

"My child, listen."

"I am listening," breathlessly she said.

"Well, my child," he rejoined, "that is all there is in the art of conversing agreeably."

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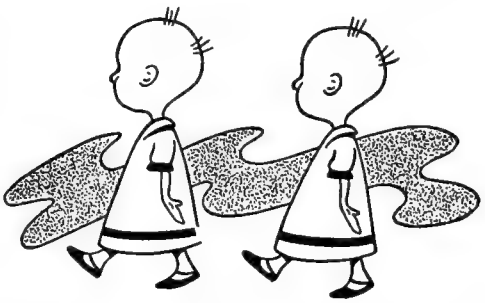

A famous lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A doctor came to him in great distress. Two sisters living in the same house had children of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together.

Now it happened that, by the carelessness of the nurses, the children had become mixed; and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the doctor.

"Are you sure of it?'

"Perfectly."

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

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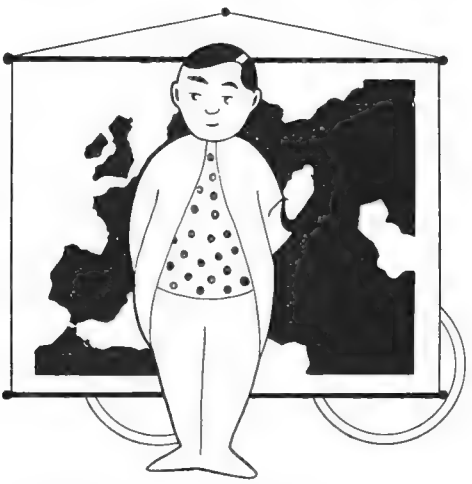

A school inspector, having a few minutes to spare after examining the school, put some questions to the lower form boys on the common objects in the schoolroom.

"What is the use of that map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room, and half a dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulation:

"Please, sir, it's to hide the master's bicycle!"

AGAIN THE GIFT CIGAR.

"How comes it you give me such a cigar as this?"

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing."

* * *

IOUX.

There once was a frolicsome Sioux,
Whioux didn't know just what tioux
So he went for a walk [dioux,
With his gay tomahawk,
And proceeded tioux turn the air bioux.

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MR. GLOBEWHEELER'S GREAT IDEA.

1. "Tyre hopelessly ruined! What shall I do?"

2. A happy idea.

3. "Now to fix him tight."

4. "Never had a better tyre in my life!"

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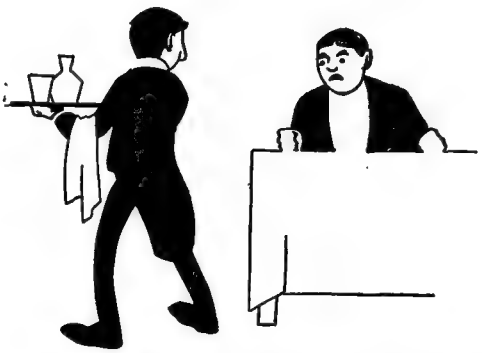

Angry Customer: "Hullo! you waiter, where is that oxtail soup?"
Waiter: "Coming, sir—half a minute."
Customer: "Confound you! How slow you are!"
Waiter: "Fault of the order, sir. Oxtail is always behind."

* * * * *

"I don't see why Shoddyman is kicking so about the way the firemen deluge his factory with water. They got the fire out all right before it did much damage."

"Yes, but the water ruined his stock."

"What does he manufacture?"

"Umbrellas."

* *

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

"You assured the Editor that the jokes you submitted had never been in print?"

"I did."

"And he said?"

"He said it was probable they never would."

* * * * *

A USE FOR HIM.

"I wish I were a glove upon that hand!"
The callow youth exclaims. The lady fair
Responds: "I wish you were, I love kids—and
You're almost big enough to make a pair.'

* * * * *

A RARE OCCASION.

"I hope you'll join us in a little anniversary celebration to-morrow at our home?"

"Delighted to do so. Wedding anniversary or birthday?"

"No. The cook's been with us just a year!"

* * * * *

HE KNEW.

THE WIDOW: "I want a man to run errands, do what he's told, and never answer back—one who is always ready to do my bidding."

APPLICANT: "You're looking for a husband, ma'am."

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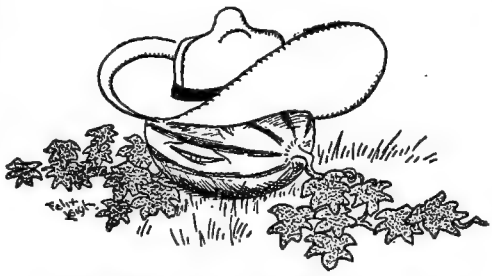

"These wide-brimmed Panama hats are certainly a great boon to people who have to be much out in the sunshine!"

THE REFORMATION.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine;"
So warbles a damsel with zest quite divine.
Then retorted the man with wickedest glee
"The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss me."

* *

DREADFUL!

BACHELOR: "What makes your baby so bad-tempered?"

YOUNG WIFE: "He's been cutting his teeth."

BACHELOR: "Really! What did you let him play with a knife for?"

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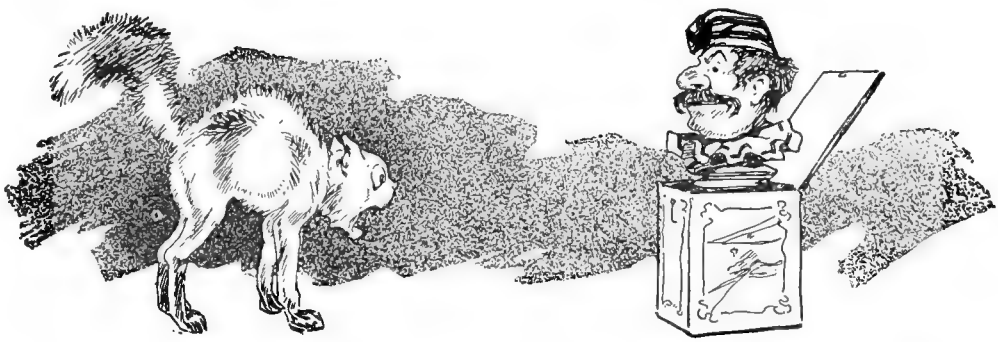

The Cat: "What's this? and I haven't touched anything stronger than milk for a month!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

As we go to press with this number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some time before the last date for receiving attempts in the 5*s.* a Day for Life Competition, we are unable to make any statement regarding the progress of the competition. The time taken to print the ROYAL MAGAZINE is so great that some weeks must necessarily elapse from the time the pages are passed by us until the complete copy leaves the hands of the printer. The result is that any announcement which we may have to make of immediate interest is delayed for a great time.

We have, therefore, as a convenience to our readers, made arrangements with the *Daily Express* (London and South of England generally), *Midland Express* (Birmingham and Midlands), and the *North Mail* (Newcastle and Northern England), to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. The morning newspapers in question may be obtained for a halfpenny at any newsvendors in the districts throughout which they circulate.

Competitors who are anxious to know how matters are going should order a copy of one of these papers to be supplied every morning.

In next month's ROYAL MAGAZINE we hope to be able to make some further statements of importance.

The final result will appear in the ROYAL, and nowhere else.

SPOOKS *AD LIB.*

Really, one lives and learns! I had no idea that ghosts were such everyday occurrences until I published the Duke of Argyll's interesting article. Since its appearance I have been simply inundated with true ghost stories. Ghosts seem to haunt every nook and cranny of the British Isles. Seriously, I begin to think that you and I—who have never set eyes on a ghost—are in the minority. It's a very mysterious world I told the Duke what had happened; but he, as a student of spirit lore, was no wise astonished. "Sow a single ghost story, and you are certain to raise a crop," he replied. So it seems.

But the difficulty remains. What's to be done with all these weird experiences? Would you like me to make a selection of the best, and publish them in a second ghost article? Let me know, as I do not want these spook records in my desk longer than necessary. You can never tell what might happen!

MUSTARD AND CRESS.

The result of the second competition in connection with "The School Under the Sky" articles has both pleased and disappointed me — pleased me because the attempts were, in many ways, far better than those connected with the January competition; disappointed me—for reasons I shall state hereafter.

Yes, indeed, the attempts were far better, and showed that the competitors had used their eyes and made their deductions carefully and intelligently. The vague and obvious generalities which the former attempts were so full of (I was informed oftener than I should like to say that January took its name from Janus, was the first month of the year, had thirty-one days, and was usually accounted cold) — these generalities have given place to plain and interesting facts in the present attempts, so that Mr. Webb and myself found some difficulty in deciding on the winners. Our final selection, is, however, as follows, and to each competitor I have forwarded a guinea:

CLASS I. (those under the age of 10).

Christabel M. de C. Brownson, The Rectory, Compton Greenfield, Bristol.

Florence Ethel Wakefield, 7, Montpelier Terrace, Swansea. Terrace Road Board School, Swansea.

Alice Edwards, Westneston, Hassocks, Sussex. Westneston School.

CLASS II. (those from 10 to 15).

Edward Copeland Snelgrove, Crookesmore Board School, Sheffield.

H. Standing, Ackworth School, near Pontefract.

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Joan Grubb, Castle Grace, Clogheen, co. Tipperary, Ireland.

CLASS III. (those from 15 to 20).

T. H. Graveley, care of A. Rowntree, B.A., 51, Bootham, York. Bootham School.

Florence Powell, Sunny Mill Road, Sheatham. Sheatham High School.

Margery Self, Arlington, Private Road, Newmarket Road, Norwich. Norwich High School.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Grammar School, Aberdeen, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

And now, would you like to know why I was disappointed? I will tell you. Not one of all you children who entered the competition thought of sending me some of the mustard and cress you reared—not one!

EDITORS AND POETS.

"I hope you will pardon me," wrote a contributor the other day, "for troubling you with verses at this time of the year. I fear you must be inundated with them." He was quite right; I am inundated with them, but his apology was superfluous. I do not mind rhymed inundations in the least—in fact, I like them.

For the truth of the matter is this: poetry is *not* a drug on the literary market, and poets are *not* the bane of the Editor's life, as the ribald comic papers have led you to believe. We—and I speak in the name of all editors—we like poets, and we like their efforts, which we are ready to pay for in hard cash. So far from keeping a special "chucker-out" for the poet and all manner of implements to attack him with, and a capacious wastepaper basket for his effusions we treat both him and his effusions with the utmost respect.

So don't you believe what you read in the comic papers! And you who write verses prosecute your efforts with unabated zeal and send them in to me in bushels if you like. I can't promise to accept them all. Odes to the Setting Sun or the Rising Moon are not much in my line—but I will read even these with interest, and send them back with promptitude if stamps are inclosed for their return journey.

Here I am reminded of one particularly malicious suggestion for editors in their dealings with poets, which I came across lately in an American journal—American, of course! What a nation! Without respect for anything under the sun—not even the poet! Well, the suggestion—which I mention with no idea of raising a laugh at the poet's expense, but merely in order to prove to you what a wicked and unkind world it is—took the form of two pictures. The first showed the entrance to the editorial buildings. There were two doors—one for the general public; the other was labelled in large letters—"Poets' Entrance." The second picture showed where each door led to—the public door directly to the editorial sanctum; the poets' door along a passage *straight back into the street.*

MESSRS. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE AND CYRUS CUNEO.

You may like to hear a word about the author of "The King and Queen of Smugglers" and the artist who is engaged in illustrating the series. Both these gentlemen are young in years, dark in appearance, and eminently successful in their respective arts. But here the resemblance ends. Mr. Sutcliffe is an Englishman hailing from Yorkshire; Mr. Cuneo is a "mixture" (to quote his own expression)—half American, half Italian—hailing from San Francisco.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mr. Sutcliffe lives in his native county and is a countryman to the backbone, only coming up to London once in a blue moon. Mr. Cuneo has made London his headquarters, and seems to like it better than New York. For when I asked him his opinion of our noble selves generally, our ways and our manners, his enthusiasm was most gratifying. Well, I suppose this is only to be expected in one who belongs to the two nations whom we know to be our friends! By the way, he too is delighted with the stories he is illustrating. "And yet they irritate me," he complained; "I find them so hard to illustrate!"

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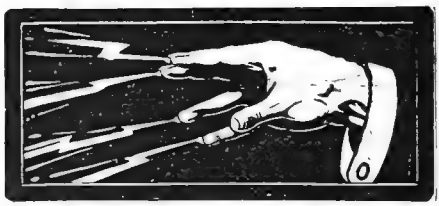

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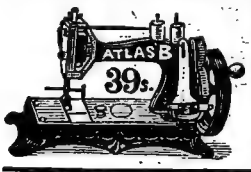

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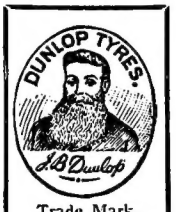

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